

# The Listener

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A Shetland crofter: see 'Islands of the Vikings', by Eric Linklater, on page 753

T. Allan Cosh

## THE INFLUENCE AND THOUGHT OF G. E. MOORE (a symposium)

### Defence in the Nuclear Age

By Leonard Beaton

### What Is History About?

By R. W. K. Hinton

### Sir Thomas Beecham at Eighty

By Philip Hope-Wallace

### Planning a Holiday

By J. B. Boothroyd

David Sylvester on Art

Goronwy Rees on New Novels



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# The Listener

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## CONTENTS

### CURRENT AFFAIRS:

- Defence in the Nuclear Age (Leonard Beaton) ... 743  
Forces and Pressures in South-East Asia (Stanley Mayes) ... 745  
Iraq: a Country of Uncertainties (Erik de Mauny) ... 747

### THE LISTENER:

- Forces in History ... 748  
What They Are Saying (Derrick Sington) ... 748

### DID YOU HEAR THAT?

- Sailing on Barton Broad (Ted Chamberlin) ... 749  
The Black Sheep (W. R. Rodgers) ... 749  
Race of Dust (Betty Lussier) ... 750  
'D'ye Ken John Peel?' (Frank J. Carruthers) ... 750

### HISTORY:

- What Is History About? (R. W. K. Hinton) ... 751  
Islands of the Vikings (Eric Linklater) ... 753

### POEMS:

- Migrant (David Campbell) ... 752  
The Bakery (Peter Hyun) ... 763

### BIOGRAPHY:

- The Influence and Thought of G. E. Moore (Bertrand Russell, Leonard Woolf, Morton White, and John Wisdom) ... 755

### B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ... 760

### TRAVEL:

- The Holiday Spirit—I: The Planning (J. B. Boothroyd) ... 762

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

- From G. Hielscher, John Hill, W. F. Woolner-Bird, W. A. Payne, Henry Adler, J. Gwyn Griffiths, E. Man, and S. H. Clarke ... 764

### BRIDGE:

- Inter-City Test—Second Semi-final (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese) ... 765

### ART:

- Round the London Galleries (David Sylvester) ... 766

### LITERATURE:

- The Listener's Book Chronicle ... 767  
New Novels (Goronwy Rees) ... 770

### CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

- Television Documentary (K. W. Gransden) ... 772  
Television Drama (Ivor Brown) ... 772  
Sound Drama (Ian Rodger) ... 773  
The Spoken Word (David Paul) ... 774  
Music (Scott Goddard) ... 774

### MUSIC:

- Sir Thomas Beecham at Eighty (Philip Hope-Wallace) ... 776

### BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ... 779

### NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ... 779

### CROSSWORD NO. 1,509 ... 779

## Defence in the Nuclear Age

By LEONARD BEATON

THE rapid development of atomic and hydrogen bombs and of the means of delivering them over very long ranges is at last provoking discussion in the West. Much of it is badly informed because few people have access to the real truth about what exists. It is not surprising that two of the most serious and well-informed books to be published on the whole problem of defence have come recently from the United States. The Americans can keep secrets when they want to, but the battle for money in Congress is waged publicly and the American people want to know where it is being spent.

These two books will tell them a good deal. *Soviet Strategy in the Nuclear Age*, by Raymond L. Garthoff\*, is the best informed discussion of Russian defence policy to be published for a long time. It looks as if it owes much to official American intelligence sources; and its estimate of Russian potentialities corresponds closely to the official allied estimate. *War and Peace in the Space Age*, by Lieutenant General James Gavin†, on the other hand, reflects anything but the official Western point of view. It is the work of a man who has until recently been at the centre of policy-making in the United States Army, who found his views frustrated, and who resigned to argue his case before the public. No one without equal access to knowledge in this field can ignore what he has to say. At the root of General Gavin's thinking is the conviction that atomic weapons have not changed the principles of war. If war comes he does not think nuclear weapons delivered against the homeland of an enemy can bring it to a quick conclusion. He is an army man; and he sees a dangerous fallacy in the thinking of airmen that power can be

applied strategically—that is to say, against the very vitals of an enemy in such a way that his armed forces become valueless. The interesting thing is that this is precisely what the Russians think.

General Gavin does not underrate the importance of these terrible weapons. He believes that they have introduced enormous new facts into war. But fundamentally, he argues, you must strike first and foremost at an enemy's capacity to make war. That means that the first target for long-range ballistic missiles, for example, must be the missile bases of the other side. General Gavin has history working for him. He points to the views expressed ever since the nineteen-twenties that the coming of air power had ended all other forms of warfare; and he makes it clear that he regards even the present pretensions of the United States Air Force to be able to destroy the Soviet Union as the most dangerous military nonsense.

This is not to say that he does not believe in air power. He argues that bombers and reconnaissance aircraft will not be able to get over enemy territory once anti-aircraft missiles with nuclear warheads are ready to attack them; but he feels, as everyone else feels, that the United States must produce inter-continental ballistic missiles in good numbers. He wants to see manned aircraft used to give the United States Army and the armies of her allies such dominance in their ability to apply their power quickly that it will compensate for their lack of numbers. He also believes in developing atomic weapons for every conceivable tactical use—not just bombing opposing armies, but destroying aircraft and attacking tanks; and he would even put atomic warheads on torpedoes. He would build armies

\*Stevens, 25s. †Hutchinson, 21s.



around these weapons in such a way that they could be brought to bear decisively and rapidly. He would have used them in Korea and in Indo-China. 'If in the past ten years', he writes, 'we had spent even a small part of what we have spent in readying our forces for a one-strategy war, we could have settled Korea and Dien Bien Phu quickly and in our favour'.

### Instruments for Limited War

But for the limited war of the future he has no such simple hopes. It will demand highly specialized troops and weapons. He says that a nation can fight a limited war only if it has what he calls 'an impressive overall capability to wage general war'; but it needs much more than this. In a memorable quotation which may become a familiar text in all the military academies, he says: 'Limited war in its own way is a highly specialized form of combat, more specialized than general global war. To assume that the American Strategic Air Command can deal effectively with every type of limited action is the same as to assume that since a tank battalion can be used to control extensive land areas, one tank can be used to catch a pickpocket or a car thief'. What are the instruments which General Gavin would like to see created for this purpose? First the United States must achieve a mobility for its troops in aircraft which is unmatched in the world. These troops he calls sky cavalry. He also believes that the West's great resources should be used to achieve dominance in intelligence (precise information about what the other side is doing), in communications, and in missile fire-power of great precision. In his judgment the United States has lagged behind here.

On the more particular question of the defence of Europe, General Gavin makes some surprising statements. He accepts the general Nato view that the Russians are trying to achieve a nuclear-free Western Europe, so that in war they could face a gunpowder Nato army with nuclear weapons: but it is remarkable to discover that he believes Western Europe could be defended in a war in which nuclear weapons were not used. In spite of their size and readiness, he says, the Russians would have a long and hard fight; and 'once they cross the Rhine, their lines of communication would be so long and so precariously exposed to sabotage and destruction that their armies would certainly be destroyed'.

Mr. Garthoff's book outlines, as no book has before, the attitude of the Russians towards the West on the military questions of the age. He leaves no doubt that they believe that if war comes they will survive and the West will not. Over and over again it is emphasized that the West is relying on chance factors rather than the fundamentally decisive factors of war. The writings of Russian generals and strategists show that they believe the relatively small armies of the West are due to the fact that the bourgeois capitalists cannot trust the masses to fight for them. Marshal of Aviation Vershinin makes a point which is frequently made when he writes: 'Not having reliable reserves of manpower at their disposal, the warmongers boom and exaggerate the role of air power out of all proportion'. General Gavin would not use the same words, nor would he give the same reason, but his conclusion is the same. Even the great economic resources of the United States are not regarded by the Russians as decisive, for they cannot be converted fast enough into war-winning weapons. Nevertheless Mr. Garthoff recognizes that the Russians fear a rain of thermonuclear destruction from even a defeated opponent. Thus Soviet strategy must be to push the Americans back without running the risk of world war.

Marshal Zhukov, the Minister of Defence who has now been dropped, was the symbol of strategic conservatism. This says: do not withdraw anywhere (including from Hungary) and do not get involved in adventures which might risk a general war. The new men, Malinovsky and Konev, are in Garthoff's view less coldly calculating than Zhukov, and therefore more likely to drift into risky adventures. Nevertheless the facts remain the same and they seem to have accepted them. There seems to have been little debate in Russia over the kind of forces and weapons which should be developed. Military opposition to the politicians has been almost entirely absent—that is apart from the successful attempt to get rid of Malenkov who wanted to cut down their budget. In 1955 a naval debate appears to have taken place; Admiral of the Fleet Kuznetsov wanted aircraft carriers and more

cruisers, but he was decisively dropped from the central committee of the Communist Party.

The Russian belief that atomic weapons could not alone win a war was thought some years ago to be based on the fact that they did not have them, or did not have them in adequate numbers. But between 1954 and 1958 Mr. Garthoff has found fifty-five statements which reflect the following words of the official Soviet army manual on atomic defence: 'Atomic weapons significantly exceed conventional weapons in their destructive force, but there are simple and effective means of defence. Troops that are well prepared for action under the conditions of the atomic weapons can successfully accomplish their combat missions'. In other words, it is the armies which will win or lose by occupying the ground or not. Even a massive surprise attack with nuclear weapons cannot give one side a decisive advantage, provided an enemy is both serious and strong. The Russians intend to remain both.

### Two Views of a Long-range Air Force

This doctrine of destroying the enemy's troops and weapons applies even to the long-range air force, the Russian equivalent of the American Strategic Air Command or British Bomber Command. The Americans propose to win by destroying the Russian economy and population—or rather they propose to deter war by maintaining this as a constant threat. Hitting the long-range air force bases is for them essentially a diversion. But for the Russians, with their conventional military thinking, the primary mission of the long-range air force is to neutralize the strategic air command and destroy the enemy's armed forces. Nevertheless, since the death of Stalin the strategic implications of air power have been given increasing recognition. Marshal Zhukov told the party congress in 1956 that the relative weight of the air forces and air defence forces had significantly grown; and this has often been repeated. On the subject of local war, Russian army manuals say that mobility is the key to victory—and particularly in a battle in which weapons of mass destruction are being unleashed on both sides. Mr. Garthoff describes the radical and systematic modernization of the great Russian armies which have introduced a land mobility which was unknown in 1944-1945 and which is now turning to air mobility.

These, then, are two books written from the Army's point of view—one by an American who is trying to change his country's ways, the other by an American who is chronicling the facts of the Russian defence establishment. They leave the impression that America is ready to bomb and Russia is ready to occupy ground. Yet each is moving imperceptibly towards a compromise central policy as the Russians give a larger place to the long-range air force and the Americans to land power. For the West, however, survival will continue to depend for many years on the belief of the air force that no one would dare stir it into action with its hydrogen bombs. Only if both General Gavin and the Russians are wrong is this a reliable basis for policy.

—General Overseas Service

In 1936, Major Leslie Hollis of the Royal Marines was appointed an Assistant Secretary to the Committee of Imperial Defence. In 1939 he became an Assistant Secretary to the War Cabinet and held that post until 1946, rising to be Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, temporary Brigadier, and then acting Major-General, and receiving for his services the Companionship of the Bath and in 1946 a Knighthood of the British Empire. More recently, Sir Leslie Hollis has been Chief Staff Officer to the Minister of Defence and Commandant General of the Royal Marines. Sir Leslie's wartime experiences are now published in *War at the Top* (Michael Joseph, 21s.), a book written by Mr. James Leasor, a writer and journalist who was until 1955 on the staff of the *Daily Express*. Mr. Leasor has in some ways done for Sir Leslie what Sir Arthur Bryant did for Lord Alanbrooke in *The Turn of the Tide*. But while Lord Alanbrooke kept a diary and Sir Arthur had this to edit, Mr. Leasor presents his own story of the direction of the war, as seen through the eyes of Sir Leslie in Whitehall and enlivened by glosses of quoted recollection from him. The book throws occasional shafts of light on events, of which Sir Leslie had special knowledge, and provides colour through some accurately remembered conversation or anecdote which makes the complex personalities of Sir Winston Churchill and those around him come to life in the way that one has grown accustomed to expect.



# Forces and Pressures in South-east Asia

By STANLEY MAYES

**T**HERE is an old Burmese proverb that says: 'When two buffaloes fight, the ground between them gets trodden on'. I had that quoted to me in Rangoon the other week by a Burmese politician, and evidently the Burmese feel this popular saying has for them a good deal of political truth in it. The two buffaloes are not, as one might think, the United States and the Soviet Union, or the Western *bloc* and the Eastern *bloc*; they are India and China. For centuries these two giants, either separately or together, have exercised enormous influence over south-east Asia. One sees the evidence of it not only in Burma but in Thailand; one sees it right down through the Malay peninsula and out along the chain of islands that reaches almost to Australia—the former Dutch East Indies, out of which the modern state of Indonesia has been born. And these two mainly opposing but sometimes parallel influences have been particularly strong in the

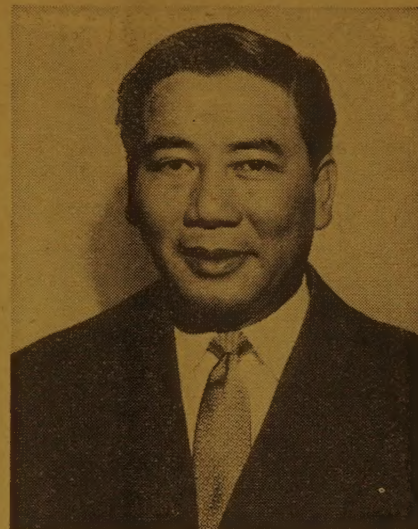


A village chieftain on the island of Nias, off Sumatra, in Indonesia, addressing his people

former French territory of Indo-China, where there are now three new independent countries—South Viet-Nam, Laos, and Cambodia—not to mention the Communist-held northern half of Viet-Nam—Viet-Minh—which can hardly be described as independent.

In a sense the whole of south-east Asia might be called 'Indo-China'. If you travel, as I have done in the last two months, from the hills of northern Burma to the island of Bali, nearly 3,000 miles away, from the hot, steamy jungles of Sumatra to the highly urbanized ant-hill of Hong Kong—everywhere you will feel the double impact of India and China. In the charming old Malayan town of Malacca with its many Dutch and Portuguese associations, I was kept awake one night by wild chanting from a Chinese temple; they were praying for a sick man. I remembered then that more than a third of the population of Malaya is Chinese. In Bali I stayed in the 'palace' of a local village 'prince'; my bedroom had scenes from Hindu mythology painted on the ceiling. Most of the tappers on the rubber plantations in Malaya are Tamil Indians

and there are thousands of Chinese working in the tin mines. In Rangoon and Kuala Lumpur you will see whole streets of shops with nothing but Indian names above them. Cities like Saigon and Singapore have vast Chinatowns. There are 1,500,000 Indians in south-east Asia and 10,000,000 Chinese. Not much, one may say, out of a total population of 150,000,000. But the influence of these two pervasive peoples—and particularly of the Chinese—is out of all proportion to their numbers.



President Ngo Dinh Diem of South Viet-Nam

Yet it is not only the Indians and the Chinese that have turned south-east Asia into a complex of plural societies, with all the problems that these entail. As one flies from Burma to Thailand or from Viet-Nam to Laos and Cambodia, one realizes how artificial the political boundaries are here. Look at the map again: Burma stretches a long arm down the west side of Thailand; Thailand crooks a finger into the Malay peninsula; Laos is like an embryo curled up in the womb of Indo-China—can it possibly have a separate existence? When one travels on the ground one sees how the ethnic groups spill over and take their customs and their culture with them.

I went up to Chiangmai in the north of Thailand, and at once realized I was near the Burmese border. I saw the same features under the same straw hats that I had seen in the Shan States of Burma. In the northern Malay state of Kedah I found people living in bamboo huts built out over canals just as they do in south Thailand around Bangkok. Thai, as the name of an ethnic group, applies not only to the principal race of Siam but also to two-thirds of the people of Laos, to the Lao tribes of Viet-Nam and to the Shans of Burma. South Viet-Nam has 400,000



'Baiting the lion' in a Chinese religious festival at Johore Bahru, Malaya





Cambodians, and Cambodia almost as many Vietnamese. Add to this mixture of races a variety of languages, different alphabets, and all the chief religions. You will see then why nationalism, the most powerful ferment of our times, is in south-east Asia inevitably a more complex and more unstable kind of brew than in other parts of the world.

For a time the smaller nationalisms here were submerged in anti-colonialism. Now, in a decade, six countries of south-east Asia have gained their independence. Are they yet nations? Malaya, the most newly independent of the six, and by any objective standard the best administered, is trying hard to weld 2,500,000 Chinese, 3,000,000 Malays, and 750,000 Indians into a single Malayan nation. Burma, disillusioned in many ways after eleven years of independence, is still fighting White Flag Communists, Red Flag Communists, Nationalist Chinese who invaded her territory, and the Karen rebels. The Karens are only one of several minorities in Burma who feel no affinity with the dominant Burman race. In Indonesia the outer islands dispute the authority of the central government. Many Sumatrans are by temperament, if not in actual fact, rebels against the Soekarno regime which, in their view, skims the cream of Sumatra's wealth from her oil-fields and rubber plantations for the benefit of over-populated Java. But what kind of national unity can you expect in a country like Indonesia that consists of 3,000 islands which, if you superimposed them on Europe, would stretch from the west coast of Ireland to beyond Ankara?

Western influence on south-east Asia is spread very thin. Britain, France, and Holland have all left their mark, but it has not gone as deep as they may have hoped. Administratively, Burma has slipped back a long way since British rule ended eleven years ago. Fortunately the mistakes seem to have been realized in time, and General Ne Win is now trying to give Burma the breathing-space she needs for a new start. Two big assets still left from British rule are the integrity of the army—despite a number of 'political colonels'—and a profound respect for the constitution.

Malaya has learnt from Burma's experience. She has more trained administrators, but still not enough for the highest posts. At the moment the administration works smoothly and efficiently, but people are asking: Can it last? Maybe it will, because independence came to Malaya without bitterness, and the funds of British experience there are still freely drawn on by the Malayan Government without fear of losing prestige. In Indonesia, on the other hand, there has been such a violent reaction against the

Dutch, such a desire to get rid of everything that smacked of the old colonial regime, that they have almost thrown the baby out with the bath-water. In the former French territories of Indo-China anti-colonialism is still strong. But Laos maintains a close link with France and receives help and technicians from her. Even in Saigon, French aid is appreciated; South Viet-Nam has recently drawn credits from France to enable her to buy French-owned rice-fields and carry out her programme of land reform.

That South Viet-Nam should have survived at all is something of a miracle. Three years ago even the most optimistic American would not have given much for President Ngo Dinh Diem's chances, with the country ravaged by civil war and the Communist Viet-Minh sitting on the Seventeenth Parallel in control of the northern half of Viet-Nam. But President Ngo Dinh Diem cleverly kept the spirit and evaded the letter of the Geneva Agreement, and with vast doses of American aid built up South Viet-Nam as a bastion against Communism. Lately, however, security has deteriorated in the countryside. The rather narrow oligarchic regime of President Ngo Dinh Diem and his three brothers and his sister-in-law seems to be losing contact with the 'grass roots'. People are beginning to ask: Could the regime survive without American aid?

The danger of Viet-Minh aggression has lessened, but Communist efforts at subversion in South Viet-Nam are being intensified. The same is true of Malaya, where the Communist rebels realize they have lost the 'shooting war'; now all the emphasis is on subversion. Thailand has clamped down on the Communists during the last

year, but the attitude of Cambodia in recognizing the Peking regime has angered and alarmed her neighbours. Both Bangkok and Saigon look with distaste on Prince Sihanouk's concept of 'neutrality', which seems to them to let in Chinese Communism by Cambodia's back-door. There are similar suspicions of Dr. Soekarno's government in Djakarta and the regimented enthusiasm for 'Uncle Ho' (President Ho Chi Minh of Communist North Viet-Nam) during his state visit to Indonesia (I was there at the time) did nothing to allay those fears. Since then, however, the ruthless crushing of Tibetan independence by the Chinese Communists has been an object-lesson to all small states in south-east Asia who believe they can deal as equals with the Chinese colossus. 'Neutrality' on the Indian model once seemed an attractive policy to those countries eager to get as much as possible from both worlds. But Mr. Nehru's embarrassed silences and obvious discomfiture have shown how difficult it is even for a 'giant' like India to be really neutral.

It is in those countries most determined to resist subversive Communism that we look naturally for signs of a healthy growing democracy. If one expects, however, to find Western parliamentary institutions transplanted to south-east Asian soil and bearing fruit immediately, one will be disappointed; just as one will be disappointed if one looks for representative government in Russia or China.

Throughout history the peoples of south-east Asia have been the governed; even in the villages where colonial or imperial rule has not impinged very strongly there is no tradition of democracy—of decisions taken by a majority. Rather the village elders consult with the headman and he with or without their agreement, decides the issue. That pattern is repeated in the paternalism of Prince Sihanouk, in the family counsels of President Ngo Dinh Diem and his brothers and sister-in-law, in Dr. Soekarno's 'guided democracy'. Even Malaya cannot afford at present the luxury of liberalism, in the belief that flowers will grow in a new garden rather than weeds. As the retiring Prime Minister, Tunjku Abdul Rahman, told me: 'We have to teach the people democracy, even if our methods sometimes seem to be dictatorial'. It would be difficult to make a greater mistake about south-east Asia than to suppose that fully fledged democracy is more important than independence.

These, it seems to me, are some of the forces and pressures at work in an area of the world, unknown to many Europeans, where a remarkable experiment in self-government has now begun.

—European Services



# Iraq: a Country of Uncertainties

By ERIK DE MAUNY, B.B.C. Middle East correspondent

**I**RAQ today is rather like a huge cauldron, hissing and bubbling with a strange mixture of ideals and resentments, desires and frustrations. To the Western visitor it is bound to seem both puzzling and disconcerting. Nothing quite like this has ever happened in any Arab country before, although it should not be forgotten that Iraq is a country of Kurds and Christians as well.

It is easy to point to anomalies and contradictions, and consultation with one's own Iraq acquaintances does not always bring enlightenment. The young men I have talked to in my hotel and in the Censor's office, in cab ranks and government departments, are enthusiastic enough in their support for the regime, and if one mentions incongruities and excesses they will excuse them by saying simply: 'What can you expect? Nuri'—they mean the former Prime Minister, Nuri es Said—'Nuri kept the lid clamped down so tightly that once it was lifted people were bound to get excited'.

The lid was lifted more than nine months ago. People are becoming more rather than less excited, and I found myself wondering whether these enthusiasts (who are sincere beyond any doubt) realize how combustible the mixture in the cauldron is. What can be said with certainty is that two distinct things have happened in the past few weeks; first, in the

field of foreign relations, the emphasis has been placed firmly on the side of closer relations with the Soviet Union and the other Communist countries; and secondly, in the field of internal security, the regime has come more and more to rely on the



General Karim el Kassem, Prime Minister of Iraq



Crowds in Baghdad after the revolution last July when the monarchy was overthrown and a republic declared

organization known as the Popular Resistance Forces, who from their ragged beginnings have now emerged as a uniformed and apparently well-disciplined force. In the evenings, it is they who man control points on the main streets of Baghdad. In my own experience they are perfectly courteous; and any Western resident who feels apprehensive of trouble can always ring a certain telephone number which brings a detachment of P.R.F. to the scene. The P.R.F. does not consist wholly of men: more and more girls are appearing in the uniform of khaki

trousers and shirt and peaked baseball-type cap; and in a predominantly Muslim country that is not without significance.

It is the P.R.F., rather than the Regular Army or police, who now wield control in Baghdad. Many of them are armed and if one is to believe the President of the Baghdad People's Court—Colonel El Mahdawy—the Government is prepared if necessary to arm every man and woman in the country. There is a good reason for that, last month's revolt in Mosul, led by Colonel Shawaf, was the rudest shock General Kassem's Government has yet had to withstand, and it does not want a repetition. Hence the continuing arrests of officers tinged with the faintest suspicion of disloyalty.

The country's foreign and economic stand is not so easy to analyse. There is no doubt the way sympathies have swung. If you visit the American Embassy you will find an armoured car at the gate and a platoon of soldiers camped in the grounds. If you are accidentally taken for a Russian there are smiles and handshakes all round. But the Minister of Economics, Dr. Kubba, has gone on record, not once but several times, as saying that he wants to maintain good trade relations with the West. He said that trade exchanges with Britain are satisfactory and he has given specific assurances that there is no intention of nationalizing the British-run oil companies who, in any case, are now committed to a development programme running into £80,000,000 to £100,000,000 capital expenditure over the next three years.

Finally, there is the quarrel with the United Arab Republic, which seems finally to have passed the point of no return. Admittedly one is talking of a people remarkably over-endowed with the faculty of resentment, but it is difficult to convey the degree of mockery with which President Nasser is pilloried and lampooned all over Baghdad, in every street procession and demonstration and in dozens of crude montage displays.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)



Members of a nomadic tribe in Kurdistan, Iraq



# The Listener

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## Forces in History

IT is now roughly a century since 'scientific history' took the universities of Europe by storm and scholars came to believe that they had at their disposal the means and the methods for discovering 'the truth' about the past. Yet a modern physicist would laugh at the suggestion that history is or can be a science in any real sense that he attaches to the word. So long as history was regarded in an old-fashioned way as dealing with the doings of fallible men—as for example the medieval chroniclers thought of rulers choosing between the paths of virtue and sin—nobody imagined that men's actions in history could be determined by mechanical laws. On the eve of the scientific revolution of the nineteenth century Thomas Carlyle was teaching that history was a chain of biographies of great men. Today, as Mr. Hinton points out in a talk which is published on another page, the fashion is to regard societies as being the victims of intangible 'forces', be they economic, social, or intellectual, over which they have very little control. One can read this underlying assumption into almost any academic book one picks up. Here is a sentence from a recent book written by an American university historian: 'various classes of men responded in quite different ways to the dominant forces of sixteenth-century history'. But it is the differences that make all the difference.

At one time historians spoke not so much of forces but more modestly of 'possible interpretations', of 'trends' and of 'currents'. Books were written exclusively about economic, social, military or constitutional history. Books on political history might have essays on literary or artistic history by way of *addenda*. Then it was thought that specialization had gone too far and historians who wrote general histories were expected (as in the *Oxford History of England*) to be veritable encyclopedists. Once it was decided that all aspects of human life must be brought together in a single tome, as it is supposed that Lord Acton did in the masterpiece he never wrote, a key was needed. Marxism offered such a key, and in the hands of some middle-aged historians a refined kind of Marxism has become the rage. We are told that we cannot interpret the past correctly unless the class structure is investigated and properly understood. And few will deny that the investigation of 'structures' has solved difficult problems or at least helped to throw light upon dark corners of our history.

But men are motivated in many ways. Brave men will surmount the fears of poverty or the 'sack'. Others will take risks to win the love of a woman or to serve a cause, and even betray their class. Each historian stands, maybe unconsciously, at some point in the stream of time and interprets the past from that standpoint. One will see history through the lives of great men, another as demonstrating the Will of God, a third as moving towards the evolution of modern institutions, a fourth as being a clash of economic or social forces. The only science in history is in the accumulation of its data; their choice and arrangement is the province of the artist. To quote again from an American historian, Professor W. K. Jordan: 'The historian mixes in his method the rigorous disciplines of the scientist with the almost intuitive skill of the artist, but his conclusions remain tentative, suggestive and humble, since he has at least learned that the image of truth in any age is indistinct, inexact, and all too often fractured'. This *obiter dicta* is worth pondering.

## What They Are Saying

Before the Geneva Conference

ON THE EVE of the final meetings of the Western Foreign Ministers before the Geneva conference on May 11, accusations, overtures, and suggestions of many kinds have been emanating from European broadcasting stations. The Russian Government's Note attacking 'the new measures for the nuclear arming of West Germany' aroused some hostile radio and press rejoinders in Western Germany itself. The *Kieler Nachrichten* said that the author of the harsh Soviet Note must expect 'an equally emphatic reaction', while the *Frankfurter Neue Presse* wrote of 'attempts to arouse the war-time allies against the so-called German danger'. The East German radio, on the other hand, appeared to place much credence in a report from Athens that the United States feared it 'would be unable to evade a disengagement in central Europe' and that America was, therefore, trying to create a 'Mediterranean Pact' in order to counter 'British proposals' for a thinned-out military zone 'in central Europe, Yugoslavia, Greece, and possibly Bulgaria'. The East German broadcaster, continuing to quote 'high Greek sources', elaborated this theme:

The United States Government is interested in setting up a pact to embrace, apart from the Nato countries Italy, Greece and Turkey, also Franco Spain, Morocco, Cyprus and possibly Israel. One of the main reasons is completely to eliminate British influence in the Mediterranean.

Radio Moscow later took up the same theme in Arabic, and used it to cast suspicion upon the United Arab Republic. The Russian commentator said that the recent Turkish-Spanish Friendship Treaty had been 'aimed at resurrecting Dulles's old scheme of setting up a military organization in the Mediterranean':

Press reports show that the organizers of the new military bloc wish to drag certain Arab countries into it. Greek newspapers say it is essential first for Italy, Greece, Turkey and Spain to join this bloc, thereby linking it with Nato. It would then be possible to exert efforts to drag Morocco and Egypt into this pact. The timing of the establishment of this new bloc is not accidental. No one could fail to see, for instance, that the anti-Communist campaign in the United Arab Republic has caused a relaxation of vigilance concerning imperialist intrigues in this region. The silence of the United Arab Republic newspapers on this matter has even surprised Greek observers, who say that the new military bloc is directed against neutral countries of the Mediterranean.

But if possibilities at the forthcoming Foreign Ministers' conference at Geneva are, in some minds, having such far-flung repercussions, the conference is awakening considerations much nearer home for Herr Ulbricht, the East German Prime Minister, whose article in *Neues Deutschland*, broadcast last week, contained the following overture to the West German Social Democrats:

The People's Chamber of the German Democratic Republic (East Germany) suggested that representatives of both German parliaments should jointly discuss problems relating to the safeguarding of peace and the formation of a Confederation of both German States. From the Social Democratic Party's Plan for Germany we deduce that it feels no qualms about such a suggestion. Consequently, we expect the Social Democratic Party Executive to take serious steps so that the Lower House (of Western Germany) will still be convened and discuss the suggestion of the People's Chamber. This would make it easier for the Social Democrats to stand up effectively against the slanders on the part of the Adenauer regime.

The Polish radio, discussing this week's meeting of the Warsaw Pact countries and of People's China, 'to review the problems which should be the subject of the Geneva talks', said that the Warsaw meeting

may thus contribute to improving the chances of agreement between East and West. . . . The participation of the Chinese Foreign Minister will reflect the incontrovertible fact that the participation of the Chinese People's Republic is essential for the attainment of a *détente* in the international situation

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON



## Did You Hear That?

### SAILING ON BARTON BROAD

SAILING SMALL BOATS seems to be the fastest growing sport in Britain, and at this time of the year there are many organized courses and cruises designed to teach newcomers of all ages. At Barton Broad, Norfolk, Hertfordshire Education Committee has given a week's course in sailing for its teachers. Those who qualify will later in the summer pass on their knowledge to their pupils. TED CHAMBERLIN described the scene in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'In choosing the lovely reed-fringed and wild Barton Broad', he said, 'the organizers have followed an example, for it was at this very spot that Lord Nelson, while a pupil at the nearby Paston grammar school, first went afloat and learnt to handle a small boat. I found an enthusiastic group of some twenty teachers, both men and women, encamped close by the Broad ready for their week's training in sail. At the water's edge a fleet of six half-decked yachts and sailing dinghies was moored. But what attracted my eye was a shapely, brand-new, varnished dinghy. It was, I was told, the first of a type which the Education Authority is adopting for instructional purposes. It was, in fact, built in one of its own schools. These new boats are to be known as the Torch class—the torch being the symbol of education—and the torch insignia is carried on the sail.

'With Mrs. Joyce Watson at the helm, and one of the women students I was taken for the maiden trip. The breeze was light, but the new boat glided over the still water in promising style. Mrs. Watson explained the action of the helm by altering course frequently, stressing the point that a sailing boat moves in the opposite direction to the rudder, rather like steering a car by the back wheels. The set of the sails, the need for a constant watch for signs of a shifted wind direction, were the first points she made after the rigging and sail hoisting procedure had been explained. The real test of the boat and our ability to handle it came when we turned to come back against the light wind. The action of the wind on the sails and the effect of the keel in preventing the boat sagging away to leeward was pointed out.

'There is no doubt in my mind that the teachers will have a good working knowledge of sailing and, after a refresher course later in the year, will be competent to take charge of the 400 youngsters who will be coming from Hertfordshire to Barton'.

### THE BLACK SHEEP

'WHEN I was a boy', said W. R. RODGERS in the General Overseas Service, 'I read everything I could lay hands on about Red Indians. A favourite author was Captain Mayne Reid, who wrote *The Scalp Hunters* and *The Headless Horseman*. Later I became acquainted with his family and heard many stories about him.

'One sticks in my mind, about Mayne Reid coming



Instructors and crews on Barton Broad during the week's course in sailing provided by the Hertfordshire Education Committee

back to England from America, travelling by express boat-train from Southampton to London. As he looked idly out of the carriage window at the passing landscape he saw a flock of sheep in a field and among them he spied a black sheep. The next day he went straight back to that field, found the black sheep, and bought it from the farmer. He then bought a black ram, and he proceeded over a long period to build up a large flock of black sheep. Why did he do it? Nobody seemed to know. Oh, well, they said, he was just eccentric. But at the back of my mind there is a strong glimmer of sympathy and understanding with Captain Mayne Reid. I know that he knew the importance of having a black sheep, and that is a thing few people will admit though everybody has experienced it.

'Who is there, tell me, who has not had a black sheep in the family, an uncle or a brother or a thirty-second cousin whose name could never be mentioned in front of the children? As children, we knew all about the black sheep in our family. We knew that drink or the devil or women had done for him.

But, alas, there was little chance of meeting him, for usually he had been shipped overseas to the wide open spaces, to the prairies and the deserts and the backwoods of the world, where only the birds of the air could carry the news of the family infamy.

'How did we know so much about him? We learned about him not from what our parents said, but from what they did not say; from the sudden hush that came over the company when the black sheep's name was mentioned, the rush to change the subject to any other subject at all. For children learn a lot from the holes and the gaps in the words of grown-ups.



A lesson in sailing on the bankside at Barton Turf





Berber tribesmen giving a display of horsemanship in Morocco

'I stress the importance of having a black sheep in the family because I think he is the most moral influence we could possibly have. The blackguard makes the rest of us look so white and feel so right, by comparison. Indeed, how could we know about virtue if we had not that lovely and terrible example of vice in front of us? As Captain Mayne Reid rightly recognized, a world without black sheep is not only unthinkable, it is untenable'.

### RACE OF DUST

'Morocco is an independent country now', said BETTY LUSSIER in 'The Eye-witness', 'and she is making efforts to modernize her life, but still there are some of the old customs that she clings to. One of the most interesting of those is the Arab fantasia, or, as we call it in North Africa, the race of dust. It gets that name from all the dust stirred up by the horses in the race. Few foreigners are invited to take part in this festival because the Arabs like to keep it as a rather private family affair, but I was lucky enough to be included in the audience of a fantasia on one of my recent trips to Morocco. It lasts for from three to four days—feasting and horse racing and gunmanship.

'The family arrives with the head of the family, on his horse, and following behind him are the donkeys, laden with brass trays and teapots and the family tent, the goats for milk, and, trailing along last of all, the wives and the children. The tents are set up on a hillside. The families always bring their best tents, in silk and bright colours or in canvas with dramatic designs in black and red and yellow patterns.

'The day I went to see the fantasia we drove in a jeep up to the top of a hill, where we were greeted by a *caid*, who was to be our host, dressed entirely in white. At the last minute before the race started some of the Arabs came out and chased away the goats and children playing in the clear track, and the horses lined up.

'Here you see the best horses from all of Morocco. Most of them are the small Arab pure-bred horse, usually white or

black. The trappings of harness are all in leather, chased in silver, and the jockeys are dressed in their flowing Arab robes. In one hand they hold the reins and in the other a shotgun high above their heads. The shotguns are usually made of silver. The races start slowly, gain speed, and towards the end the horses are galloping at full speed, with the riders firing wildly into the air or into a target at the side of the course'.

### 'D'YE KEN JOHN PEEL?'

'Yes, I ken John Peel', said FRANK J. CARRUTHERS in 'The Northcountryman'. 'In fact I got to know him quite well; but if his ghost walks in Caldbeck churchyard I doubt if I would recognize it, for I have been bewildered by a large number of John Peels: John Peel looking lean and hungry, and Peel looking fat and satisfied; John Peel in his youth and John Peel smiling benignly from the experience of old age.

'My search for John Peel started when a friend sent me a photograph of a painting which was for sale—a painting of a man and a fox-hound—and asked if I could verify the claim of its owner that it was a painting of the John Peel of the song. I gave some publicity to the fact that I was looking for information about pic-

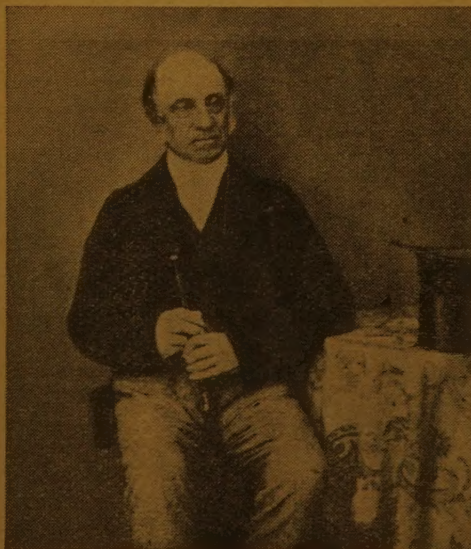
tures of John Peel and then sat back to wait.

'In a few days I realized I had started something; such a ratching among cupboards, in attics and in drawers, and a flood of John Peel pictures. I was called to half a dozen houses and shown paintings of John Peel. The man himself in a stove-pipe hat (it was always a stove-pipe) complete with whip and horn, sometimes with a horse or hounds, or both; sometimes with authentic backgrounds, sometimes with the background just filled in with a mass of paint. There were paintings as large as life and some larger; some which made Peel look a bad character; kind Peels and cruel Peels; Peels on picture postcards and some in silver frames, and Peels from national collections. There was a Toby jug of John Peel, and even John Peel on a tea caddy with his back to John Woodcock Graves (the writer of the song) whose picture was on the other side.

'The truth is that some of the paintings were so bad that they were hardly worth the canvas they were smeared on. Some were good, but most of them showed signs of a production of Peel paintings to meet a fashion of the times. But these paintings were so different in the features of the person they were supposed to portray that I was still at a loss to identify the man in the picture which had started it all. I despaired of ever finding the original painting for which John Peel sat.

'Then one day came a letter from Leicester. In it was a copy of a photograph of John Peel. The original was a genuine period photograph of an elderly, bald-headed, side-whiskered man, with a stove-pipe hat on the table beside him. It bore a signature comparable with some I had seen, and it is known that Peel had his photograph taken at a Carlisle studio late in his life, and that he bought four copies of it. This was John Peel. I was sure of it.

'So I started to back-track through the records of paintings I had seen, and eventually came to the conclusion that the popular version of John Peel's portrait in which he wears a neckerchief and stove-pipe hat, and carries a whip and a hunting horn, are copies—probably several times removed—of an original which has been lost, but of which engravings survive'.



'One day there came a letter from Leicester. In it was a copy of a photograph... This was John Peel. I was sure of it'



# What Is History About?

By R. W. K. HINTON

**H**ISTORY is a way of making sense of the past in relation to the present—unless perhaps it would be better to say it is a way of making sense of the present by placing it in the context of the past. Generally, if not always, we make sense of the past by importing into it familiar analogies from common experience. These analogies give us modes of historical explanation.

Before the so-called scientific history we have today, the anthropomorphic mode of historical explanation prevailed. The analogy used to explain past events was the model of the human body. The human body grows up, reaches maturity, decays, and dies; and human affairs and institutions were thought to go naturally through the same life-cycle. A man struggles with adversity, succeeds, becomes over-confident, overreaches himself, falls; and so it was with empires, states, cities. They rose in youthful vigour to flourishing maturity, lost their energy, decayed and died. Francis Bacon was using a human model when he remarked that 'in the youth of a state, arms do flourish; in the middle age of a state, learning; and then both of them together for a time; in the declining age of a state, mechanical arts and merchandise'. It was held that men could struggle against this cyclical process; in fact they had to struggle against it, and history was useful because it helped them to do so. But growth and decay, rise and fall, was the natural process.

## Growth and Decay

This was a plausible mode of historical explanation at the time of the Renaissance, when men felt that they were approaching a peak of civilization such as had been attained in earlier cycles by past civilizations, and it was no accident that the anthropomorphic or human mode of historical explanation was most highly developed at that time. An explanation which postulated growth and decay as normal did appear to place the present, at that time, plausibly in the context of the past.

But in the sixteenth century some optimists began to remember that the ancient world had not had the printing-press, the compass, or gunpowder, and they began to think they were outstripping antiquity. Bacon added: 'But it is not good to look too long upon these turning wheels of vicissitude, lest we become giddy'. The notion that decay naturally followed growth conflicted rather awkwardly with his optimistic views about the advancement of learning.

The people of the eighteenth century became aware of a great advance in civility in the past hundred years or so. 'The general system of politics in Europe', said David Hume, 'was becoming more enlarged and comprehensive . . . in consequence of this universal fermentation the ideas of men enlarged themselves on all sides'. By the beginning of the nineteenth century the natural course of human affairs appeared to be, not growth and decay, but a continuous gradual progress, and an entirely new mode of historical explanation came into use. We still use it.

It is a mechanical mode. It imports into history the principles of Newtonian science. It takes for granted that human affairs move naturally in straight lines, and explains their movement in terms of forces. The first law of motion says that every body continues in a state of rest or uniform motion in a straight line unless acted upon by external forces. The movements of men, just like the movements of matter, were to be explained as a product of external forces. The mechanical mode of historical explanation easily absorbed Darwinism, and borrowed from it terms such as evolution and organic growth. But the most important terms continued to be forces.

The importation of principles from the natural sciences gave history a scientific air. It even seemed possible to discover and formulate *laws* of human progress. People believed that the knowledge of those laws would assist man to make progress in the

future. On this assumption a great expansion of historical studies took place towards the end of the last century. In 1883 the Cambridge historian Seeley justified his subject by declaring that 'history has been in great part rewritten; in great part it is now true'. It seemed to be true because it seemed to be scientific.

## The Scientific Air

This idea persists. One of our newest historical journals calls itself a journal of scientific history. We have abandoned the belief in progress, but not the mechanical mode of explanation which was suitable for explaining it. Perhaps this is a mistake. The mechanical mode of explanation, with its scientific air and its use of forces, is beginning to show defects which seem liable to bring history into disrepute, and which I should like now to discuss.

In the first place forces tend to dehumanize history. Just as mechanical forces are external, so historical forces are often said to be external, impersonal, and underlying, and the historical explanations which are regarded as most satisfactory are those which represent the individual man as in the grip of some external, impersonal, or underlying force which he cannot control. Whether this is a good thing is a matter of opinion. It certainly seems to reduce the individual man's sense of responsibility. When history used the human model, the individual man was represented as struggling with his environment: on the upward turn of the cycle he was struggling to attain greatness and on the downward turn he was struggling to resist decay. Only a man who possessed virtue could win this struggle. History in those days emphasized the need for virtue and tried to teach what it was. But when a man is in the grip of a powerful impersonal force, an external force, it seems to be folly to strive against it.

The study of external forces does not throw much light on motives. Economic forces would explain the motives of an economic man, intellectual forces would explain the motives of an intellectual man, and so on, but these part-men do not exist. Further, no mere combination of forces reproduces in a recognizable form the subtle compound of motives for which people actually act. It is perhaps the difference between a mixture and a compound. Actual motives are compounds. Historical forces cannot make more than mixtures. History which professes to analyze motives by adding and subtracting various historical forces stops short of the point where people reach actual decisions. But in ordinary life people are aware of making decisions constantly, and history which misses the decision-making process is liable to seem remote and arid. People who like the human aspect of history—the majority of people—are apt to find historical forces dull. This explains the widening gulf between popular and professional history.

## Unpredictable Behaviour

The dehumanization of history might be all very well if historical forces really were scientific in the sense that they could be handled with the same precision as mechanical forces. They would then be suitable for explaining at least the behaviour of people in the mass. People in the mass do behave more predictably than individuals, and when history studies mass-behaviour forces, if they were truly scientific, they would appear to offer useful explanations of social movements. But they are not, and this is the second defect of the mechanical mode of explanation—that it tends to make history look scientific when it is not.

A useful piece of historical mechanics would be an investigation into the forces that have produced industrialization. If we could accurately identify what forces produced industrial revolutions in the past, and their relative weight, we might know what to do in countries which need industrialization today. But the investigation would be useful only if the results were exact. This seems to be



impossible. Historical mechanics have not achieved scientific certainty in this or any other investigation and probably they never can.

In mechanics a given force produces a given effect and there is no question which is which, but in history it is different. A well-known example was the long dispute as to whether protestantism was a force which produced capitalism or capitalism a force which produced protestantism. This dispute led nowhere, unless to the conclusion that in history cause and effect are often reversible. It is convenient in history to arrange matters in apparently logical consequences of cause and effect, and forces are useful for this. But it cannot be done with the exactness of science.

Again, historical forces cannot be measured. In mechanics it is possible to calculate that a given force or combination of forces will necessarily produce a given effect. In history one may assert that a certain historical force tended to produce a given effect, but it is never possible to say that it actually did. It is only too easy to identify economic, religious, political, or other forces which seem plausibly to have tended to produce any social movement, but there is always, for example, the opposing force of conservatism or inertia. Whether the particular forces which one has picked out to explain a certain movement were really sufficiently powerful to overcome other forces which made for stability is always a matter of opinion, and so is the relative weight of the various forces making for change. In this sense the use of historical forces is unscientific, and therefore of little value as an aid to social engineering. There are too many variables, and controlled experiments are out of the question.

### Falling between Two Stools

There may be a danger of history falling between two stools. The mechanical mode of explanation seems to produce history which on the one hand throws little light on man as an individual and on the other hand gives no certain information about man in the mass. In these circumstances it would be only natural for people who are interested in man as an individual to turn away from history towards psychology, and for people who are interested in social engineering to turn away from history to sociology. I think that history these days does look to many people a little remote and ineffectual, and that the mechanical mode of explanation is largely to blame.

Forces are abstractions which often describe or summarize events rather than account for them. As explanations they sometimes do not go very far. The things that have been happening in Cyprus and the Near East, and now the things that are happening in Africa can be explained in a sense—and are commonly explained—as products of the force of nationalism. But that does not help us to understand them. When people throw stones and shout slogans like 'death to foreign imperialists', that is nationalism. Nationalism is a concept which describes these events, it does not account for them, and to say that the irresistible force of nationalism is at work does not greatly help us to understand what is actually happening.

Further, forces explain or describe things that have changed, but what about the things that have stayed the same? One of the characteristics of the mechanical mode of explanation is that it concentrates on differences and ignores the things that are eternally the same. When Shakespeare dressed his Romans in doublet and hose the usual modern comment is that he had no historical sense. It would be better to say that he had an anthropomorphic historical sense. The anthropomorphic mode of historical explanation believed that the things in which people of different ages were alike were more important than those in which they differed. And so they are. In the relations between ruler and subject, for example—and between master and servant or woman and man—the elements that are permanent have far greater interest and importance than the elements that change.

In spite of this, it is when talking about forces that historians are often most didactic. For a true explanation of the English revolution, it is said, we must examine the underlying social forces. The imperative mood is typical in this sort of statement. Really there is no must about it. Although there are reasonable explanations which do examine the social forces, Gardiner gave an equally reasonable explanation without doing so. Historical explanations

are largely a matter of preference. One of the most pernicious features of the mechanical mode of explanation is the tempting but misleading implication that because it is scientific it is capable of producing explanations that are exclusively true, in the sense that, when two explanations conflict, if one is true the other must be false.

### A Loss of Focus

This is particularly unfortunate because under the mechanical mode of explanation the number of possible forces available to the historian is infinite, or at least very great; and therefore the range of explanations is also infinite, or at least very great. Now that progress has ceased to be a universal assumption history has lost its focus, and we do have a large number of conflicting explanations, especially perhaps about the English revolution. To believe—or to act as if we believed—that one of them is true and others are false only makes for unnecessary confusion.

Gardiner explained the seventeenth-century English revolution in terms of forces making for the growth of political and religious liberty. According to him the Renaissance liberated men's minds from the shackles of medieval superstition, then protestantism introduced them to the virtue of liberty in religion, then the English revolution brought in a constitution which embodied the principle of liberty in politics, and the result was a happy and free society in which individualism and toleration flourished. Then came the economic interpretation and turned Gardiner's interpretation on its head. The economic interpretation represented the movement towards liberty and individualism as a movement towards power and economic exploitation. In this interpretation the spirit of freedom became the spirit of capitalism, and the free society of the eighteenth century became a society in which the rich and powerful were free to exploit the poor and helpless. The revolution was a movement by capitalists to seize political power in order to be free to put their capitalist ideas into practice. Clarendon, who lived through the revolution, explained it on a human model by saying that the English had become proud through prosperity and that the government was not skilful enough in handling them. There are several other interpretations.

The difference between them is not one of fact but of assumptions about human nature and the present state of the world. We ought much more than we do to discuss interpretations on the basis not of their truth but of the plausibility and relevance of their assumptions.

This is my last point and I make it seriously. History ought to be a conversation, not a battle. Every interpretation which is not demonstrably at variance with the evidence has a right to live. We ought to spend less time in vain attempts to prove the truth of one interpretation as against another and more in debating their assumptions about human nature and the present state of the world. This would bring back humanity into history and might even help with some of our social problems. Simply by attracting attention to the things about people which are eternal and to the state of the world as it is, it might help to make history more effective and more illuminating, as it ought to be.

—Third Programme

## Migrant

Here to my summer acre sometimes comes  
A thought of Europe, dwindled as this moon,  
Blinking her crystals out in waiting-rooms  
And now hung over paddocks, white as bone—  
Much like the boy I buried. Even now  
Driving a furrow, from the running shear  
Bone flows and I am wrenched, in sunlight plough  
A lunar landscape whose lost ways led here.  
The furrow turns, memory goes underground  
To wait its season. While this orchard stands,  
Let its white passion and full fruit expound  
The ideology of these two hands,  
That my son's sons and daughters at their ease  
May see the moonrise through old apple trees.

DAVID CAMPBELL



# Islands of the Vikings

ERIC LINKLATER on the northern archipelagos

SOME time last year there was a story in the newspapers that, to many readers, must have seemed more like an episode from a novel by John Buchan than the sober report of a contemporary event. An Estonian seaman, escaping from a Russian trawler, landed on a remote and desolate northern shore and took to his heels across the heather. He was pursued by thirty Russian sailors, but found refuge in a crofter's house. The crofter hid him, and the baffled Russians had to return to their ships. The scene of this improbable but true adventure was a blunt peninsula on the west coast of Shetland. Its name is Walls, of Norse derivation: a place invaded by long arms of the sea.

It is only an adventitious interest that gives Shetland a place in the world's consciousness of it. A Liberal revival might draw attention to it, for Jo Grimond is the Member for Orkney and Shetland: but without some sensational occurrence impinging on it from the outside, Shetland lives beyond the world's awareness. Bird-watchers go there, and antiquarians; Norse philologists, and fishermen in pursuit of sea-trout; but not many others.

A book called *Shetland Life under Earl Patrick*, by Gordon Donaldson—it was published about the time of the unsuccessful Russian invasion—does something to explain why, in the popular mind, the islands lie even more remote from consciousness than they are from the Scottish shore. Earl Patrick's father, Lord Robert Stewart, was the illegitimate son of King James V of Scotland and Euphemia Elphinstone. Lord Robert was a close friend of Darnley, whom Mary Queen of Scots married; and Thomas Randolph, Queen Elizabeth's Emissary in Scotland, described him, in a letter to Cecil, as 'vain and nothing worth, a man full of evil'. Despite his reputation, his half-sister Queen Mary gave him in 1564 the Crown estates in Orkney and Shetland, together

with the office of Sheriff. Later he acquired the Bishopric of the islands, and in 1581 was created Earl of Orkney. He died in 1593 and was succeeded by his son, Earl Patrick.

In Orkney the two Stewart earls established a despotic rule that reduced the islands to poverty. They were ingenious in their



A dwelling of the Stone Age at Skara Brae, Orkney

Photographs: J. Allan Cash

methods, ruthless in their application of them. Earl Patrick had a civilized passion for architecture, and his principal memorial is the ruin, in Kirkwall, of a palace he built that has been described as 'one of the most accomplished Renaissance buildings in Scotland'. He built other palaces, at Birsay in Orkney and Scalloway in Shetland: but they were of less distinction and their ruins have been neglected. In 1615 he was condemned to be executed at the Mercat Cross in Edinburgh for the folly of open rebellion against the Crown; but his execution was postponed for a few days when the ministers of the Scottish Church found him 'so ignorant that he could scarce rehearse the Lord's Prayer', and entreated a stay of sentence till he 'was better informed' and had received the Lord's Supper.

As well as a Renaissance palace, Earl Patrick left in Orkney a long-lived memory of the evil he had done; for he and his father, to establish their power and increase their rent-rolls, had deliberately set out to ruin the odallars: the land-owners, that is, who still held land in succession from their ancestors of the old Norse earldom and held it in accordance with Norse law and custom. The Stewart earls succeeded in their purpose, and in the misery they wrought—in the wretchedness of the destruction they made—Earl Patrick especially became a hissing and a scorn in the minds of those who lived after him.



'Deeply indented by fjords, as if it were a miniature Norway': the coast at Silwick, Shetland



But in Shetland, it seems, he did less harm and left a milder memory. Mr. Donaldson's description of life in the more northerly archipelago under his rule is altogether a gentler chronicle than any narrative I have read of the same years in Orkney. It is a domestic chronicle, of great interest to those who know the islands, but there is no drama in it. One does not become aware—as one does in the Orkney narrative—of the fierce collision between the cunning, greedy, implacable, *arriviste* Scottish earls and the old enfeebled remnant of the Norse nobility, weakened by the passing years. In Shetland, apparently, the officers of the law, the Norse Sheriffs, placidly accepted the new dispensation, were confirmed in their old authority, and there was little change except in the destination of revenue.

What, then, was the reason for this difference in the two archipelagos—between the Earldom of Orkney and the Lordship of Shetland? The essential, the basic reason, was geological. Orkney and its history are built on the old red sandstone; Shetland on gneiss or schist which is covered with a deep blanket of peat. Sandstone is the more profitable foundation; the soil of Orkney is more fertile than that of Shetland, and from megalithic times till the present day Orkney has been richer in all respects but one. The scenery of Shetland is finer and more fantastic. Its cliffs rise in more romantic patterns. Its shore is more deeply indented by fjords, as if it were a miniature Norway. Here and there it rides like a bridge between the North Sea and the Atlantic. But scenery contributes less to history than a fertile soil, and in the Stone Age, as in Earl Patrick's time, Orkney got more attention than Shetland because there was more to be got from it. Earl Patrick robbed the Orkney *odallers* because they were worth robbing. He plundered where it was profitable to plunder, and left in peace those other places which could pay no large rent to tyranny.

One of the astonishing discoveries that Orkney yields is the evidence for the size of its population in the Late Stone Age. One is inclined to think that Stone Age peoples were thin on the ground but in Orkney the relics of their occupation are so numerous and extensive—from the great chambered tomb of Maeshowe to the village of Skara Brae—that one has to accept as a fact a numerous population, and as a probability that its life was relatively easy and comparatively rich.

Later in history, when the Norse came, they also preferred the more southerly archipelago, and in the Orkney Saga—the saga of the earls of Orkney—Shetland lies only on the fringe of the story. Orkney, for a little while, was the home of real and extensive power: the strongest of its earls, Thorfinn the Mighty, who died a year before the battle of Hastings and was contemporary with Macbeth, is said to have held nine earldoms in the mainland of Scotland, all the Western Isles, and a large realm in Ireland. In the next century Earl Rognvald was rich enough to build—or start to build—the cathedral of St. Magnus, a truly astonishing monument to imagination as well as piety; and towards the end of the twelfth century the islands were so cultivated as to sustain a native poet of real achievement: Bishop Bjarni, author of the heroic 'Lay of the Jomsvikings'. But Shetland, a hundred miles to the north, had no such history. Shetland was a refuge for adventurers.

In recent years the difference has been maintained. In the last half-century Orkney, building on its foundation of old red sandstone, has become extraordinarily prosperous though it conceals its riches from the eye of the casual visitor unless the visitor is a good judge of sheep and cattle, poultry and whisky. But Shetland,

dependent on the sea for its livelihood, has had no such fortune. Its people are physically strong and remarkably intelligent; a lively, self-reliant, and charming people—they are more vivacious than the Orkneyman—but they live on peat, not sandstone, and instead of a handsome revenue they have economic problems.

There is another archipelago, farther to the north, with a similar human ancestry, that should also be considered. The Faeroes lie 200 miles north-west of Shetland, and from the deck of an approaching ship they appear to be uninhabitable: great gaunt alps drowned in the sea, with only their summits emerging. But in fact they support a population of about 30,000 people, and a gay, vigorous, self-reliant and combative population it is. It used to be said that the name Faeroe meant sheep-islands, but I prefer another derivation. When I was a boy in Orkney I was friendly with an old man called Tom Scott, who, as well as teaching me to fish, taught me some etymology. Old Tom had spent many years as a trapper with the Hudson Bay Company, and he always spoke of Eskimoes as 'The Husky-moos'; and that implies, of course, that the dog called a husky is simply an Eskimo dog. And to Tom Scott, who had been a sailor as well as a trapper, the Faeroes were 'the Faraways'. That is a good, descriptive name for them.

They were settled from Norway about the beginning of the ninth century, and, like Orkney, they have a saga. Again like Orkney, they have had a revival, an economic renaissance. A hundred years ago their population was something under 10,000; and in a century it has been trebled. There appear to be two reasons for their new prosperity: their situation, and the character of their people.

Their situation, girt about by the great gales and summer fog of the North Atlantic, may seem to be comfortless. But their tall cliffs, that in many places rise straight from the sea to a height of 1,000 feet and more, shelter a countless multitude of birds—the Faeroes are a vast conurbation of sea-birds, like London or Tokyo or Chicago in a human context—and

birds give the islanders an abundance of meat and eggs and feathers. The sea, moreover, that surrounds and dissects the archipelago is as full of fish as the western cliffs of gulls and guillemots and puffins: and the Faero fishermen, learning their trade in home waters, responded to their challenge with ever greater skill and daring, and were presently fishing as far from home as the southwest coast of Greenland: and this in old patched-up wooden trawlers. They are old Brixham trawlers: or so I was told when I spent some weeks in the islands in 1941.

The second factor in their renaissance—the character of the people—is more difficult to explain than the advantage of their situation. One is tempted to think that the old Viking hardihood, and the Vikings' mastery of the sea, have been re-born; but the Vikings were not a cheerful, ebullient, and friendly people, as the Faeroese are, and these qualities must have come in from Denmark. Copenhagen has a surplus of cheerfulness and ebullience, and may well have exported large quantities over the years. In 1941 the temperamental difference between Icelanders and Faeroese was striking: the Icelanders, intensely proud of their old heritage, hated our occupation of their land and were sullen and resentful; but the Faeroese, equally proud, received our soldiers with warmth and gaiety. Their self-confidence was so assured that they could accept us as allies, not invaders.

There, then, are the three archipelagos of the North Atlantic, and Shetland, the one in the middle, which has the least history, has also the smallest revenue. It is stark injustice for Shetland, whose people have deserved better luck. But no human agency



Gannets nesting on the cliffs of Mykines in the Faeroes



can bear all the blame for injustice, when essentially it is derived from geology and situation. The Shetlanders live on peat and not on sandstone: and the seas around them are now less rich—they have been fished more intensively—than the rougher and more dangerous waters about the Faeroes. Because of their isolation—their remoteness in the sea as well as the political and economic isolation which Denmark for long enforced—the Faeroes have retained their own language. They have, indeed, created their own language, for not until the later years of the nineteenth century were their many dialects fused and formalized and given visible shape: their written language was largely the creation of the great philologist, Jacobson. In Orkney and Shetland, the old Norse tongue, the Norn, slowly died a natural death under the social pressure of neighbours who spoke some sort of Scots or English. In Orkney it was known, if not always spoken, till the end of the eighteenth century; in Shetland it lived a

little longer and left richer memories. Jacobson, the Faeroese scholar, closely studied the Shetland Norn and did more than anyone else to save it from oblivion.

Of their common origin in the great Norse propulsion that refashioned so much of Europe, Shetland is more vividly conscious than Orkney, and dramatically bears witness to it. In the month of January the festival of Up-Helly-aa is celebrated, and Lerwick, the capital, is filled with a crowd of young men dressed in the plumed steel and corselets of their ancestors, and in the darkness of winter a Viking ship is burnt to lighten the northern sky. In its present shape the festival is relatively new, but there is nothing fictitious in the fervour of those who take part in it.

It may be ironical that the islands which have had the smallest share of history are the most conscious of their heritage; but perhaps, in their relative quietness, they have been able to hold a memory more firmly than their busier neighbours.

—Third Programme

# The Influence and Thought of G. E. Moore

A symposium of reminiscence by four of his friends

## I—By BERTRAND RUSSELL

GETTING to know G. E. Moore was one of the high lights of my early years at Cambridge. Although he was two years my junior, I was quickly attracted by the clarity and passion of his thinking, and by a kind of flame-like sincerity which roused in me a deep admiration. He was, at that time, slim and beautiful, and he had, what he retained throughout his life, an extraordinarily lovable smile.

When I first knew him, he had not yet become interested in philosophy, except to the extent of accepting the doctrines of Lucretius. In a paper which I heard him read at this time, he began: 'In the beginning was Matter, and Matter begat the Devil, and the Devil begat God'. After an epitome of cosmic history, the paper ended: 'And then God died, and next the Devil died, and Matter remained'. This simple creed was shattered by the influence of McTaggart who, for a time, caused both Moore and me to think well of the philosophy of Hegel. In this philosophy, Mind alone is real and Reality consists of Thought thinking about thought.

This philosophy was supposed to offer a substitute for religion, but at a great expense. One must not permit oneself to believe in the expanses of the sea, or in the sun and moon, or in the great nebula in Orion. All these things were illusion—so we were told—from which Mind suffered when it forgot Hegel. Moore, first, and I closely following him, climbed out of this mental prison and found ourselves again at liberty to breathe the free air of a universe restored to reality. Moore had, in these early years, a quality which, in spite of all his subsequent achievements, he never entirely recovered. I asked him once whether he considered me a prig and he replied: 'No. A pedant'. I think that in his later years the accusation of pedantry could be brought against some of his more minute discussions. His first important publication, *The Nature of Judgment* (published in 1899) retains, to my mind, more of the early quality of intellectual intensity than is to be found in his later writings. I do not mean that what is said in that article is more true than what is said

later. I am thinking only of the kind of intellectual passion that it displays.

Although there was, to my mind, a loss in this respect, his work retained its other merits to the last. He had, always, an impeccable intellectual integrity. He sought clarity uncompromisingly and with none of the concealed bias that makes the work of most philosophers tortuous and, in a sense, dishonest.

Except when engaged in philosophical argument, he was remarkable for gentle kindness. When his sons were infants, one used to meet him pushing their perambulator; and as a father, he must have been exceptionally delightful. In argument, however, he was vehement and formidable. I remember an occasion of a public debate between him and C. S. Myers, the psychologist, in which Myers said something that surprised him by its (to him) incredibility. Moore looked amazed, and exclaimed, 'O-O-O-O-O-Oh!' The whole audience laughed and felt that Myers had been refuted. Moore was the most truthful man that I have ever known, and his obvious integrity was such that his lack of polite evasion gave no offence. Once when he was staying with the Bob Trevelyans, Mrs. Trevelyan, at lunch, said: 'I am afraid the soup is too salt'. Moore replied: 'Decidedly'; but no one's feelings were hurt. I said to him once: 'Moore, do you always speak the truth?' 'N-no!' he replied. I believe this to be his only lapse from perfect veracity.

Although I have told these stories before, I allow myself to repeat them because they are illustrative of his character. It is difficult to convey to those who did not know him his great charm, which hardly appears in his argumentative writings. In spite of his vehemence in argument, he was exceptionally modest. He had a rare kind of simplicity which, at a later date, I found again in Einstein. It is a kind of simplicity which comes of thinking only about the subject concerned, and forgetting completely its relation to one's own ego.

There are certain respects in which I think that his philosophical outlook was open to serious criticism, though as to this many philosophers would disagree with me. I used to say, as a joke, that Moore's philosophy had one funda-



George Edward Moore, c. 1935



mental premiss, namely that everything he was told before the age of six must be true. This appeared both in his devotion to common sense and in his ethical beliefs, particularly as expressed in *Principia Ethica*. Moore's ethical doctrines were taken up and, I think, considerably distorted by his immediate successors at Cambridge. Keynes wrote an account of what his contemporaries derived from Moore's ethics, and from this account it would seem that they noticed only what he said about intrinsic excellence and ignored altogether the more utilitarian aspects of his doctrine. They seem, also, not to have noticed a certain moralistic fierceness which intrudes surprisingly in some passages of *Principia Ethica*, though not in his later work.

### Verbal Precision

I think that his philosophy suffered from the fact that his education was purely literary. He knew little science and apparently did not think that science had any important bearing on philosophy. In the autobiography which he wrote in the volume on himself in *The Library of Living Philosophers*, he says that while he was at school most of his time was spent in translating English prose and verse into Latin or Greek, and *vice versa*. This caused him to attach enormous importance to verbal precision. Undoubtedly verbal precision is important, but like everything else it can be overestimated.

I do not know how much justice there may be in the above criticisms, but I do know—and of this I feel no doubt—that Moore performed an enormous work of liberation for British philosophy. It is difficult for the present generation to realize what academic philosophy was like when he and I were young. The great figure of the time was F. H. Bradley, who dressed up Hegel in a garb that made him less repellent to British temperaments. But Bradley retained the belief that space and time are unreal and there is nothing real except Spirit. He retained, also, the doctrine that no truth is entirely true, which to me as a mathematician is peculiarly disagreeable. With Moore, British philosophy returned to the kind of work in which it had been pre-eminent in former centuries. Those who are too young to remember the academic reign of German idealism in English philosophy after T. H. Green can hardly appreciate what Moore achieved in the way of liberation from intellectual fetters. All honour and gratitude are due to him for this achievement.

## II—By LEONARD WOOLF

MRS. SIDNEY WEBB once told me that she had known in a long life nearly all the distinguished men of her time, but she had never met a great man. When I mentioned the name of G. E. Moore of Cambridge, she did not accept him as a candidate for greatness. The author of *Ecclesiasticus* probably agreed with Mrs. Webb, for he asked us to praise not great men but famous men—a very different thing. Despite these impressive authorities, I maintain that I am going to praise a man who was not merely famous but also great.

Moore was a great man, the only great man whom I have ever met or known in the world of ordinary, real life. There was in him an element which can, I think, be rightly called greatness: it was a combination of mind, character, and behaviour, of thought and feeling, and it made him qualitatively different from anyone I have ever known. I recognize it in only one or two of the many famous dead men whom *Ecclesiasticus* and others enjoin us to praise for one reason or another.

I went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1899. Among my contemporaries or near contemporaries were Lytton Strachey, Desmond MacCarthy, Maynard Keynes, and J. T. Sheppard, who became Provost of King's. Moore had the most tremendous, permanent effect upon our minds and upon our lives, and indeed upon the minds of many older men. I first got to know him well in 1902. He was seven years my senior and already a Fellow of the college. His mind was an extraordinarily powerful instrument—Socratic, analytic. But unlike so many analytic philosophers, he never analysed just for the pleasure of analysis. He never indulged in logic-chopping or truth-chopping. He had a passion for truth, but not for all or any truth, only for

important truths. He had no use for truths which Browning called 'dead from the waist down'.

In 1902 among the Fellows of Trinity were three philosophers: Moore, Bertrand Russell, and A. N. Whitehead. There is a remarkable fact about these three men—a superb example of the inveterate irrationality and inconsistency of the British. Though in Britain we despise and distrust the intellect and intellectuals more than do any other people in the world, these three philosophers were each awarded the highest and rarest of honours, the Order of Merit.

Nineteen-hundred-and-three was a red-letter year for Cambridge philosophy, for in that year Russell published his *Principles of Mathematics* and Moore his *Principia Ethica*. Russell used sometimes to come to Moore's rooms to discuss some difficult question which was holding him up. It was astonishing and delightful to observe the complete contrast between the two men and their two minds. I have never known any mind as quick or as agile as Russell's; like a champion chess-player, he sees always ten moves ahead of the ordinary player and one move ahead of any other Grand Master. However serious he may be, his conversation scintillates with wit and a kind of puckish humour. Like most mentally brilliant people, he is not always scrupulous in taking advantage of his superior skill in the use of weapons. Moore was the exact opposite, and to listen to an argument between him and Russell was like watching a race between a tortoise and a hare. The tortoise often won—and that, of course, was why Russell's thought had been so deeply influenced by Moore and why he still came to Moore's rooms to discuss difficult problems.

### Passion for Truth

I do not think I ever heard Moore say a witty thing. He had none of Russell's scintillation in his thought or his talk. But he had extraordinary profundity and clarity of thought, and he pursued truth with the tenacity of a bull-dog and the integrity of a saint. He had two other rare characteristics. First, he had a genius for seeing what was important and what was unimportant and irrelevant, and he pursued the relevant and ignored the irrelevant with amazing tenacity. Secondly, there burned in him a passion for truth—and, as I shall show, for other things. The tortoise so often won the race because of this combination of clarity, integrity, tenacity, and passion.

The intensity of Moore's passion for truth was an integral part of his greatness, and purity of passion was an integral part of his whole character. Until one got to know him intimately, one thought him shy and reserved. Indeed at any time or in any company he might fall into profound and protracted silence: The silence and the reserve covered deep feeling. When Moore said: 'I simply don't understand *what* he means', the emphasis on the 'simply' and the 'what' and the shake of his head over each word gave one a glimpse of the passionate distress which muddled thought aroused in him. At Cambridge I often played fives with him. He played the game with the same passion with which he pursued truth. After a few minutes in the court, sweat poured down his face and soaked his clothes—it was excitement as well as exercise. It was the same with music. He often played and sang for Lytton Strachey and myself in his rooms at Cambridge and he used to play and sing on reading parties in Cornwall. He was not a very skilful pianist or singer, but I have never been given greater pleasure from music. This was due partly to his intelligent understanding and partly to the subtlety and intensity of his feeling. He played the Waldstein sonata or sang *Ich grolle nicht* with the same passion with which he pursued truth; and when the last note died away, he would sit absolutely still, his hands resting on the keys, and the sweat streaming down his face.

Moore's mind was, as I said, Socratic. His character, too, and his influence upon us as young men were Socratic. You can see in Plato and Xenophon that Socrates's strange simplicity and integrity were enormously attractive to the young Athenians who became his disciples. And he inspired also great affection. So did Moore. In Plato's *Symposium* one sees that there was in Socrates a monumental simplicity and a kind of cosmic absurdity. Such very different people as Alcibiades, Aristophanes, and Agathon all 'rag' him about it and laugh at him gently and



affectionately. Moore had the same kind of divine absurdity. Socrates had the great advantage of combining a very ugly face with a very beautiful soul—and the Greeks of the fifth century B.C. were just the people to appreciate the joke of that.

### A 'Silly'

Moore had not that advantage. When I first knew him, his face was amazingly beautiful, almost ethereal. But he possessed that profound simplicity which Tolstoy thought produced the finest human beings. They are 'simples' or 'sillies'; to sensible, practical men they often seem absurd in everyday life. There is a superb description of one of these 'sillies' in Tolstoy's autobiography. In many ways Moore was a 'silly'. Bertrand Russell has described the pleasure with which we used to watch Moore trying unsuccessfully to light his pipe when he was arguing an important point. He would light a match, hold it over his pipe until it burned his fingers and he had to throw it violently away, and go on doing this—talking the whole time—until the whole box of matches was exhausted.

This single-minded simplicity permeated his life; it made him in ordinary life often seem absurd, but his absurdity added to one's admiration and affection for him. Like Socrates, he attracted a number of friends and followers who differed from one another as much as Plato and Aristophanes differed from Alcibiades and Xenophon. They ranged from Lytton Strachey and Desmond MacCarthy to Lord Keynes and Winston Churchill's private secretary, Sir Edward Marsh. We all enjoyed and laughed at Moore's absurdities and so did he. For he had a fine sense of humour, though not himself actively humorous or witty. He was always much amused by Lytton Strachey's conversational witticisms, but the wit and humour he liked best were Desmond MacCarthy's. Desmond was a brilliant talker and raconteur, and he could make Moore laugh as no one else could. When Moore laughed, he laughed with the same passion with which he pursued truth or played a Beethoven sonata. A frequent scene which I like to look back upon is this: Desmond is standing in front of a fireplace telling a long, fantastic story in his gentle voice; Moore lies back in a chair, his pipe out as usual, shaking from head to foot in a paroxysm of laughter.

## III—By MORTON WHITE

G. E. MOORE was the most distinguished and most admirable philosopher I have ever known personally. I feel sure that he would have wished me to confine myself to analysing his philosophical views on this occasion, but I am moved to talk primarily about Moore as a teacher, as an inspiration to young philosophers, and as a man. I should like to make those who knew him feel his presence once again and to give others some impression of his philosophical personality. I hope I can do this without indulging in the kind of sentimentality which he avoided so successfully all of his life even though he was a man of deep and delicate feeling, as anyone could tell by listening to him singing Brahms and Schubert *lieder*.

While he was lecturing at Columbia University in the early 'forties he and Mrs. Moore lived near the campus in a tiny flat. If one coaxed him just a little bit during one's visits, he would go into his bedroom, where the piano was, and accompany himself while you listened in the living room. And in 1945, when he was seventy-two, he wrote me from Cambridge: 'Now that our youngest son is living with us, I have the pleasure of constantly playing duets with him. I think you get to know music better if you play it yourself, however inadequately, than if you merely hear it'.

Moore would have said the same thing about philosophy. You get to know it better if you play it yourself, than if you spend your life listening to others, recording them, and playing them back to yourself and your students. It was this passion for doing philosophy independently that made Moore such an exciting teacher.

Young philosophers at Columbia were not altogether unprepared for Moore when he came there. Our teachers had made us aware of the value of clarity—some of them by seeking it

earnestly, others by not seeking it at all. The accepted view was that philosophy required learning in the sciences, or expertise in logic, or a professional fondness for wisdom. But Moore was deficient in all of these respects. We had been taught that the theory of perception was a waste of time, that anti-naturalism in ethics was a heresy, and that Cartesian dualism was worse. But Moore believed in them all. We had also been assured by political experts that philosophy had become even poorer than it was when Marx had described it so scathingly—that bourgeois philosophers were not only not changing the world, they were not even interpreting it; instead they confined themselves to interpreting words, under the counter-revolutionary influence of Moore and his allies.

You can imagine, therefore, how young philosophers, raised on Carnap, Dewey, or Marx, might have been struck by Moore. He deviated from every New York doctrine—pragmatic, positivistic, or naturalistic. He spent one term dealing with the despised sense-datum. He spent another worrying about the ordinary use of the words 'if-then' whereas logicians had assured us that nothing but the 'horse-shoe' was worth talking about. He repeated his published statement that goodness was a non-natural quality. He insisted that he was quite distinct from his body, and one day said that his hand was closer to him than his foot was. He showed no inclination whatever toward encyclopaedism. He announced to scandalized empiricists that he believed in the synthetic *a priori*. He seemed utterly unconcerned with changing the ways in which we speak about the world, to say nothing of the world itself.

### Honesty, Clarity, and Careful Thinking

In short, Moore challenged most of our philosophical beliefs, attitudes, and prejudices. And yet knowing him and talking with him provided one of the most refreshing episodes in my philosophical education. Why? He did not persuade me of the validity of a single one of his main philosophical doctrines. But he was living proof of the importance of honesty, clarity, integrity, and careful thinking in philosophy. Moore never asserted anything that he did not believe; he never said that a statement followed from another unless he was absolutely convinced that it did; he never said that he understood when he did not. And how many philosophers are there of whom one can say this?

These qualities of Moore meant more to me when I began to stand on my own philosophical legs than all of the machinery of *Principia Mathematica*, than all of the learning of the learned, than all of the wisdom of the ancients. When later I read John Maynard Keynes's reminiscences of Moore as he was at the turn of the century, I could see how deeply ingrained Moore's qualities were. I could also see why they had been so affecting in Cambridge, for I felt the same excitement and intellectual pleasure in Moore's presence when he was seventy as Keynes and his friends had felt when he was thirty. The same purity, the same incredible simplicity, the same lack of bluff—they were all still there at the end of his life as they had been at the beginning.

'Do your philosophy for yourself', I have suggested, was one of Moore's great messages to the young. And he helped you do it yourself. He gave you the feeling that there was something like a method in philosophy: and this made you feel the comparative unimportance of arriving at the same doctrines as he did. I believe that Moore, more than any of his distinguished contemporaries, made his students feel that they could share his method even when they did not accept his philosophical beliefs. Characteristically, however, Moore avoided talking of his method. Professor William Frankena wrote me after a conversation with Moore in 1949:

'One bit of conversation was about Keynes's *Two Memoirs*. I asked Moore if he knew at the time that he was having such an influence on Keynes, etc. He said, approximately: 'No, I didn't. I used to hear them speak of "The Method" sometimes, and understood that it was regarded as mine, but I never did know what it was'.

Moore may never have known what the method of his philosophy was, but Moore was unusually agnostic on such matters. It fitted in with his dislike of philosophical pomposity. But one could not fail to observe a few characteristic moves.



He began by disentangling the different senses of the expression in which he was interested, and then, after he specified the sense with which he was concerned, would consider proposals for analysing it. Almost all of them, it seems in retrospect, he found defective. 'Surely, the word doesn't *ordinarily* mean that', he said, as he wrinkled his nose. Or then there was that characteristic conversation-stopper as he wagged his head violently: 'I shouldn't have thought anyone could possibly say that *that's* what we ordinarily mean by that expression!'

### Unusual Candour

Because he was so cautious about saying that one expression meant the same as another, Moore seemed to be left with a set of unanalysable concepts in one hand, and in the other a set of concepts about whose analysis he was never certain. The result was that one of the greatest philosophical analysts of our age found it hard to point, in all honesty, to a single successful analysis of an important philosophical concept. So candid was Moore in his search for clarity that he had to admit that the notion of analysis, which was so central in his thinking, was itself unclear. Among other things, it was this candour that made him so admirable. A few typical stories may show why.

At Columbia, Moore held an informal seminar to which students and members of the faculty came. One day, after Moore had made a particularly slashing attack on some doctrine, a student asked: 'But Professor Moore, why do you spend so much time refuting *that* doctrine; surely [this emphatic use of 'surely' he had learned from Moore] no one holds it'. To which Moore replied, in a rising crescendo of rhetorical questions: 'No one holds it? No one holds it? No one holds it? But Montague holds it—don't you, Montague?' Professor Montague rolled his eyes and shook his head affirmatively.

There was never a consideration which was to get in the way of finding the truth, never any sense that a distinguished colleague's pain should get in the way of saying what was true. And this was of immense educational value. For Moore was not nasty in these belligerent moods. He was not sarcastic. He was a direct Englishman who did not speak with his eye on the gallery. He made the young feel that they did not have to quake at the sight of an irrelevant logical symbol or of a pretentiously cited Greek word.

One day a colleague of Moore's was looking for a book by Whewell, who played such a large part in the history of Moore's own college, Trinity. He met Moore as he was looking for it, showed it to Moore, and asked him what he thought of Whewell. Moore replied without the slightest sign of embarrassment and even with a sly twinkle: 'You know, I've *never* read Whewell. Should I?'

### Listening to Bertrand Russell

When I was staying with the Moores in Cambridge in the spring of 1951, Mrs. Moore came into the room after dinner to announce that Bertrand Russell was about to speak on the B.B.C. There was a long silence. 'Moore', she asked (she called him 'Moore' when she didn't call him 'Bill'), 'don't you think we ought to listen to Russell? I feel that we ought to listen to him. Don't you?' Then there was another awfully long pause as Moore puffed on his pipe. One felt that Moore was tuning in on himself, to see whether he felt that obligation. And then he reported with utter seriousness: 'Dear, I don't *feel* that we ought to listen to Russell tonight'.

Lest this give a misleading impression of Moore's attitude toward Russell—as expressed in my presence, at any rate—I should point out that during his American stay Moore wrote in an autobiographical sketch:

I do not know that Russell has ever owed to me anything except mistakes: whereas I have owed to his published works ideas which were certainly not mistakes and which I think very important . . . I have certainly spent more time in studying what he has written than in studying the works of any other single philosopher . . . should say that I certainly have been more influenced by him than by any other philosopher.

Another story may be of interest about Moore's attitude toward Russell. One night in New York someone was commenting on

Russell's lawsuit against Albert Barnes to recover his salary after their dramatic falling out in the 'forties, and said that while Russell was probably right he should not have stooped to the point of suing Barnes. 'Moore wouldn't have done that. Would you have, Moore?' Once again there was the long puff on the pipe and the playful squinting of the eyes, but this time Moore said: 'Oh yes, I should have'.

It may now be clear why I say that I have never known a philosopher with more integrity. Some may not agree with my high estimate of Moore as a philosopher. But I hope that no one will deny that he possessed in the highest degree a combination of moral and intellectual qualities that every great philosopher should have. Once I heard a man say, after a rather sharp exchange with Moore: 'I hate Moore's mind'. I can only say that I had many a tough bout with Moore that I lost, but I never came out of one of them with any doubts about how I felt about Moore or his mind. I loved them both.

## IV—By JOHN WISDOM

I USED TO go to tea with Moore almost every week during term-time until he went into hospital. After tea we used to have some philosophical talk. The last question we discussed was this: 'When people used to say that the Sun moves and the Earth does not, were they mistaken, were they saying what was false?' I think that Moore raised this question because he had been reading someone who maintained that those who in former times said that the Sun moves and the Earth does not were not saying what was false. I suggested that there is some reason to say that one who says 'The Sun appears to be sinking behind those trees, but it is not because it does not move' is not using the words 'sinking' and 'moving' in the usual sense; that there is some reason to say that one who in response to the question 'Is the Sun already sinking behind the hills?' answers 'Yes' is not saying what is false; and that one who, describing the behaviour of a child on a journey by train, says 'He never moved' is not saying what is false.

Moore was interested in these considerations but he did not feel satisfied that the difficulty raised was cleared up, and, as I remember, at the end of this discussion he said something like this: 'But still, surely those who now say that the Sun is not moving and that the Earth is, are using the word "moving" in the same sense as that in which it was used by those who said that the Sun is moving and the Earth is not'.

Nevertheless, it was Moore who said to me (I think it was when we were discussing the same matter a week later): 'There is a difficulty about saying that one who says of one of these chairs that it is not moving is saying something false'.

This discussion, of which I have given a very incomplete outline, was in some ways very characteristic of Moore. It is connected plainly with what is sometimes called the conflict between science and common sense. It is also connected with that old philosophical question 'Do we know to be true those many things we assert with such confidence about the material world—about chairs, tables, trees and stars?'

In considering the questions, 'Were our former beliefs about the Sun and the Earth true or false? And what about the belief that the chair one is sitting on is not moving—is it true or false?', Moore was not abandoning his defence of common sense. But he was giving his serious attention to what might appear to shake what had for so long been a central part of his philosophical position. Moore opposed the paradoxical doctrines of philosophers: from the early days when he argued against the 'monstrous proposition' that Time is unreal till the later time when he was 'immensely puzzled over' the very strange view 'that the propositions of mathematics are rules of grammar'. He never hesitated to call false or unfounded what he thought he could see to be false or unfounded. But he had a respect for what others had to say, and he would give it his undivided attention while he thought that there might be reasons for it which he had not considered, or that it might be true in some sense which he had not understood. He pursued the truth with an incisive and passionate honesty which none who heard him will forget.

In considering the truth and falsehood and the apparent incon-



sistency of the things people say and have said about the movement of the Sun, the Earth, and things on the Earth, Moore naturally raised questions about the meanings of words. It is well known how often he did this in philosophical discussion. Indeed some people on first listening to Moore were disappointed to find a great philosopher so much occupied with the meanings of words. I think they felt that in philosophy as in other inquiries the removal of verbal difficulties should be only a preliminary to the inquiry itself and that Moore turned a preliminary into a part of the proceedings proper, a means to an end. I think that they also felt that we already know the meanings of many of the words to which Moore gave so much attention.

### Words and their Meaning

There are here more misunderstandings that can be set right in a few words. It is true that when one knows a language, say English or Russian, then one knows what those who speak that language mean when they speak, for instance, about the good and evil of this or that, and when they speak about the material world—when they say in English or in Russian that a dog is circling the earth. But this, as Moore noticed, leaves it still true that one may not know very well what a philosopher means when he appears to deny or doubt *everything* that is said about the good and evil of things, or *everything* that is said about the material world. It is difficult to believe that he means what he appears to mean. But if not, what does he mean? Here we are in a difficulty like that we are in when someone who is not doing philosophy uses an unfamiliar word or uses a familiar word in an unfamiliar way. In so far as we are in this condition our question 'What does he mean?' is a question about the meanings of words preliminary to inquiry as to whether what the philosopher means is true.

But, as Moore pointed out in *Some Main Problems of Philosophy*, there is another, perhaps rather peculiar, sense of the phrase 'questions about the meanings of words', in which one may ask a question about the meanings of words because, although in learning a language one has learnt what they mean, what notions they convey, still one has an imperfect grasp of the relations between these notions. For instance, one may have long known the meaning of the word 'cube' without having realized that if a thing is a cube then *pro facto* it has twelve edges.

Or take the example provided long ago by Socrates. Consider the question: 'Told that one square has sides twice as long as the sides of another, does that mean that the area of the one is twice that of the other or does it mean that it is four times that of the other?' If we call this a question about the meanings of words we must remember that it may be asked by one who knows the meanings of the words involved and that then it is a question of geometry, a mathematical question. Consider next the question: 'Told that an act was wrong or right, does that mean simply something about what is felt towards it or does it mean more than that?' If we call this a question about the meanings of words we must remember that it may be asked by one who knows very well the meanings of the words 'right' and 'wrong' and that then it is a philosophical question—the well-known philosophical question as to the nature of moral judgment.

### 'Right' and 'Wrong'

This last question is one which Moore would have called a question as to the analysis of the concepts conveyed by the words 'right' and 'wrong' or a question about the analysis of the propositions we express by such sentences as 'It was right' or 'It was wrong'. He would also have spoken of the question: 'When we speak of chairs and tables, stars and trees, do we mean merely something about our sensations?' as a question about the analysis of the propositions we express by such sentences as 'This chair wobbles' or 'There is cheese in the larder'. Such questions call for reflection upon the relations between the concepts, the propositions, conveyed by words, the meanings of which we already know. They cannot be asked until we have learned what those words convey.

Moore did not maintain that the whole of philosophy is analysis. But he did consider questions of analysis worth discussion for their own sake. Nevertheless there is a sense in which he seldom

or never analysed just for the pleasure of analysis. A person who discusses the analysis, or the logical character, of propositions or statements of a certain sort, for instance religious statements, may be indifferent to the truth or falsehood of those statements and may also be indifferent to whether or not statements of that sort are in fact ever made. Moore was far from being indifferent to either of these matters, and this I think contributed to his passionate desire to reach a correct analysis and to show the incorrectness of an incorrect analysis. If someone at a philosophical conference is giving an incorrect account of the nature of statements of a sort which we do often make, he is not merely misrepresenting what would happen if such a statement were made; he is misrepresenting what does happen on those numerous and perhaps important occasions when we do make such statements. He would meet with opposition from Moore.

Someone interested in the effects, good and bad, of philosophy might ask: Did Moore believe that the acceptance in philosophical moments of an incorrect analysis or account of the nature of statements of a certain sort influences one when on a non-philosophical occasion one meets with a statement of that sort? For instance, Moore opposed the view that when we call a thing good or bad we are merely expressing an attitude towards it. Did he think that the acceptance of this view of critical judgments influences one on those occasions when such judgments are made? Did he think that such a view may incline one on those occasions to regard a critic as merely expressing an attitude and disincline one to regard him as trying to show us something in that which he says is good or bad? Did he think that such a view may weaken or hinder one's recognition of the truth or the falsehood in what a critic says? Or did he think that our inarticulate but good knowledge of the roles performed by the words of our language saves us in everyday life from the mischievous effects of defective descriptions of these roles?

### Questions of Analysis

My answer is: Moore was cautious in what he said about this matter. He did once write: 'A man's views on more important questions may, therefore, be very much influenced by his views as to the meaning of a word'. At the same time he would have said that it is possible for a person to accept a profoundly wrong account of statements of a certain sort, mathematical statements perhaps, or statements about the material world or even statements about good and evil, without on a non-philosophical occasion mistaking what a mathematician or astronomer or zoologist or moralist is doing and without missing the truth or falsehood in what they are saying.

The questions of analysis to which Moore gave most attention were questions the answers to which would throw light on how we know what some philosophers have said we do not know. This perhaps helps one to grasp how Moore's questions of analysis are connected with more philosophical questions which at least do not appear to be questions of analysis.

It is well known that Moore, when considering a general philosophical question such as 'Is time real?' or 'Does matter exist?' preferred to come down to particular cases. A philosopher may ask 'Does matter exist?' without recognizing the strangeness of his own question as he is obliged to do when asked 'Have you two hands?'

Wittgenstein carried the move to the particular still further. Moore often found that an apparently unanswerable general question—'Are all things of this kind necessarily also of that kind?'—remained apparently unanswerable when asked of a particular case. Wittgenstein met the particular question by reference to other particular cases. For he met an obstinate question, 'Is this of such-and-such a kind or isn't it?', not by trying to answer 'It is' nor by trying to answer 'It isn't', but by continuing to compare the case in question with other particular cases until its place among them became clear. For Moore the review of a particular case was a means to the solution of a particular problem and thus to the solution of a general problem. For Wittgenstein the review of particular cases was a means to the dissolving of a particular riddle, and thus to the dissolving of a general riddle, a manoeuvre in what he called 'the battle against

(continued on page 762)



# B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

April 22—28

## Wednesday, April 22

Dame Margot Fonteyn is released from imprisonment in Panama and flies to New York

Five men are killed in an explosion at Walton Colliery, near Wakefield

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret have a private audience with the Pope at the Vatican

## Thursday, April 23

The Prime Minister, in a speech at Preston, says that it is the duty of the Government, having set its hand to the task of protracted international negotiations, to 'see it through'

The Government is to give financial help, which may amount to £30,000,000 over the next five years, to help the Lancashire cotton industry

A team of British heart specialists flies to Moscow to demonstrate heart-surgery there

Mr. Dulles is appointed special consultant on foreign policy to President Eisenhower

## Friday, April 24

The Commons pass the Obscene Publications Bill

Mr. Alexander Valentine, a member of the British Transport Commission, is to succeed Sir John Elliot as Chairman of London Transport Executive

Increases in salary are announced for higher civil servants

## Saturday, April 25

The St. Lawrence Seaway, linking the Great Lakes to the North Atlantic, is opened to ocean-going vessels

Mr. Khrushchev rejects the latest Western proposal for a ban on low-level nuclear explosions

## Sunday, April 26

The Panama Government says members of the National Guard have been sent to deal with a band of rebels reported to have come ashore fifty miles from the capital

Elections take place in France for a new Senate, or Upper House of Parliament

## Monday, April 27

Mr. Liu Shao-ch'i, Vice-Chairman of the Chinese Communist Party Central Committee, is elected to succeed Mr. Mao Tse-tung as Chairman of the Chinese People's Republic

Egypt agrees to accept a British mission in Cairo to help carry out the Financial Agreement.

## Tuesday, April 28

Mr. Herter and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd arrive in Paris for talks with other Western Foreign Ministers; conference in Warsaw of the Foreign Ministers of the Warsaw Pact countries ends

Council of the Organization of American States meets in Washington to consider the situation in the Republic of Panama



Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret leaving the British Embassy in Rome on April 22 to dine with Sir Marcus Cheke, British Minister to the Holy See. With them is Sir Ashley Clarke, the British Ambassador to Italy, who, with Lady Clarke, was host to the royal visitors during their five-day stay in Italy.



The Chief Scout, Lord Rowallan, speaking to members of the Commonwealth party attending the annual St. George's Day parade of Queen's Scouts at Windsor Castle last Sunday

Right: King Hussein of Jordan (third from the left), who is on a private visit to this country, watching men of the 16th Parachute Brigade in an assault exercise at Aldershot on April 23. It was this brigade which went to Jordan last year in answer to the King's appeal for help





Dame Margot Fonteyn arriving at London Airport on April 24 from Panama, where she was detained in prison for a day earlier in the week. Her husband, Dr. Roberto Arias, is reported to have taken refuge in the Brazilian Embassy in Panama City after having been accused by the Government of Panama of plotting a rebellion

raits of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh taken at Buckingham Palace by the Canadian photographer, Donald G. McEwen. The Duke is wearing the uniform of Honorary Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Canadian Regiment. The Queen and the Duke start a tour of Canada on June 18



Orchids in the British section of the *Florales Internationales*, described as the biggest flower show ever held, which opened in Paris on April 24

London's first helicopter station on the south bank of the Thames at Battersea, which was opened on April 23. It is an experimental venture, for commercial and private owners, and has been built by the Westland Aircraft Company



One of a pair of tree-climbing porcupines from Brazil photographed on its first public appearance at the London Zoo last week



(continued from page 759)

the bewitchment of our intelligence by means of language'.

One may have the feeling that both Moore, who deplored what he counted his failure to solve problems, and Wittgenstein when he represented his work as the cure of a linguistic cramp, under-estimated what they achieve for us. For perhaps the review of particular cases in the light of each other is not a means but an end. Perhaps what in philosophy we seek is a fresh view of the manifold of the familiar cases covered by general terms.

Such a fresh view of a manifold long classified in one way is often obtained by a process in

which extremely paradoxical statements are made and vigorously defended against vigorous attack. In this dangerous game we can come to see the truth and the falsehood in what is said only if we check new theories as well as old against the particulars they cover. Moore never lost that power and that desire to see each thing for what it is which has been remarked in great scientists and is present in great artists, poets, and novelists. Here I think of Tolstoy's description in *Anna Karenina* of a shooting expedition in the evening; in the *Cossacks* of the grape harvest, and of the death of the Chechen by the river.

Things as they are are often hard to face. We

are often driven to distort them and this may lead to a distrust of what is said and an inability to see what is there, like that which overcomes a child when he finds those about him saying what is not true, and then, perhaps, begins himself to join in the conspiracy. There are those who attack our illusions; but often we feel that they in bitterness again distort reality. In spite of the forces which make for falsehood, we are still able to recognize one who can and will speak the truth, not blind to what we must regret, but still able to see things—some great, some small—which may bring happiness and can be shared. Moore was like this not only as a philosopher but as a man.—*Third Programme*

## The Holiday Spirit—I: The Planning

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

ONE thing's absolutely certain about the holiday habit, and that is that it's done wonders for conversation. I mean, look at the cocktail party. A hundred years ago, before the holiday craze hit the general public, they had absolutely nothing to talk about at evening parties. They had to sing ballads at each other all night, unless some utterly unique guest had made a great wild trip to Lucerne for a week—and then, of course, it was understood that he held the floor with lantern-slides.

### Weather Report

That's all changed now. The average cocktail party is just one long, high-pitched scream of holiday planning or reminiscence. Without holidays it would go on more or less in dead silence. Well, there's the weather, of course, but that's what you might call a related subject, really. In fact, when you yell in a man's ear 'What sort of a holiday did you have?', you often get an answer that sounds more like a met. report. 'Well, Monday and Tuesday it poured all day; Wednesday it was absolutely brilliant in the morning, thunderstorm in the afternoon; then on the Thursday—no, I'm a liar, it was Friday we had the gale, blew over fifty beach huts out to sea . . . the Thursday it was foggy . . .' And so on and so forth, with his wife interrupting all the time to say that the rain didn't start until *after* lunch on the Sunday . . . 'You remember, darling, because that was the morning the man tried to charge us three-and-six for baby's ice-cream . . .'

The extraordinary thing is that these recitals of disaster are always given with tremendous spirits and shrieks of laughter, as if all the post-cards they'd sent saying 'Having Wonderful Time' had been nothing but the truth. The reason for this is that the holiday is behind them. It's over. It can't touch them any more. While they were actually having this wonderful time they thought they'd never smile again; the discovery that they can seems to make the whole ghastly experience worth while, after all.

By the way, there are rigid rules of behaviour governing holiday conversations. For instance, if the Gregsons ask you about *your* holiday, it's a matter of etiquette that you should later ask them about theirs. After all, that's the only

reason why they asked you in the first place. Nobody wants to hear about other people's holidays, they just want to tell about their own. And it's just too bad that you have to be bored to death with the Gregsons and their rather tedious week at Broadstairs, before you can loose off with your brilliant and rib-tickling experiences at St. Leonards-on-Sea. But the worst thing of all is when you've taken half an hour's gruelling punishment, and you're just saying, 'Well, wait till you hear what happened to us . . .' you find the party's over and your host is waiting to give out the last two hats.

Now, the fact that you're going to talk about it afterwards is a very powerful factor in the planning of a holiday. This is largely responsible for the great rush to the Continent in recent years. There was once a time when to have a holiday at all placed you in a certain social bracket. Now, of course, under the Welfare State, when everyone practically has to go or else, it's a bit less distinctive.

So when you get back it isn't really enough to give your friends long descriptions of the way they did the cabbage in the boarding-house; what you need is some rather *recherché* stuff about the delicious black olives you found at a tiny restaurant halfway up the mountains behind Nice. A tasty little pot ashtray from Monte Carlo, romantically inscribed '*Faites vos jeux*', looks a good deal better on the coffee table than a paper yachting-cap from Southend with 'Kiss Me Quick' printed all round it. Mind you, this isn't necessarily going to last. Fashions change. In a few years' time a Kiss-Me-Quick cap from Southend may be the smart thing, and all the cute little home-made table-lamps will be based on good old British beer-bottles, instead of fancy flagons from the Costa Brava.

As a matter of fact, there are signs of a shift in trends even now. People who *aren't* going to the Costa Brava this year are enjoying a certain distinction, socially. Already, at smart parties where everyone is yelping about Majorca and Madeira, a mention that you're taking your family to Yarmouth will produce at least one 'Oh, but how very sensible'. That's how the pendulum swings. By 1969, say, places like Marrakesh won't get a look in. Everyone will be clustered excitedly round the man who's found a marvellous spot in Sussex, called Bexhill, or

something, and they'll all be on their knees begging him to give them the name of his hotel.

I may say, incidentally, that this man won't be *me*. I don't know why it is, but I always seem to get around to the done thing just when everyone else has stopped doing it. I was the last man in England to buy plus-fours; the day I got mine they disappeared from the shops for good; and I expect when I finally achieve my dream holiday—a trip round the Greek islands—I shall be the only customer that year, and find myself alone on the boat.

Talking of begging the names of hotels, this, of course, is sheer madness for any holiday planner. If you've ever gone to see a play recommended by a friend, you'll know what I mean: and that's only one night of your life wasted; with a recommended holiday resort it may be as much as three weeks. The trouble is, of course, that the friend is always so eager to impress you with his brilliant sixth sense in nosing out this earthly paradise that he loses all sense of moderation in telling you about it. He goes raving on about oranges and lemons actually growing in the streets—I'm thinking of Continental paradises: I can't think of anywhere at home where this happens—but it never occurs to him to mention that the Paris-Genoa expresses practically pass through the hotel garden all night, or that the packed lunches are big bags of rather old bread, tricked out with the occasional slice of salami.

### The 'Mention My Name' Technique

A useful danger signal is the old 'Just mention my name' technique. The proprietor of the hotel may have given your friend the idea that he will remember his name for ever . . . and when you finally turn up there and say 'My friend Mr. Potts wishes to be remembered to you' you can tell from the look on his face that he's no idea what you're talking about. Worse still, he may decide after a bit of thought that Potts was the customer he had to get rid of last July, for keeping boiled sweets in his bedroom and causing the whole place to be infested with ants. In which case he'll probably give you the one room that they haven't entirely been got out of yet.



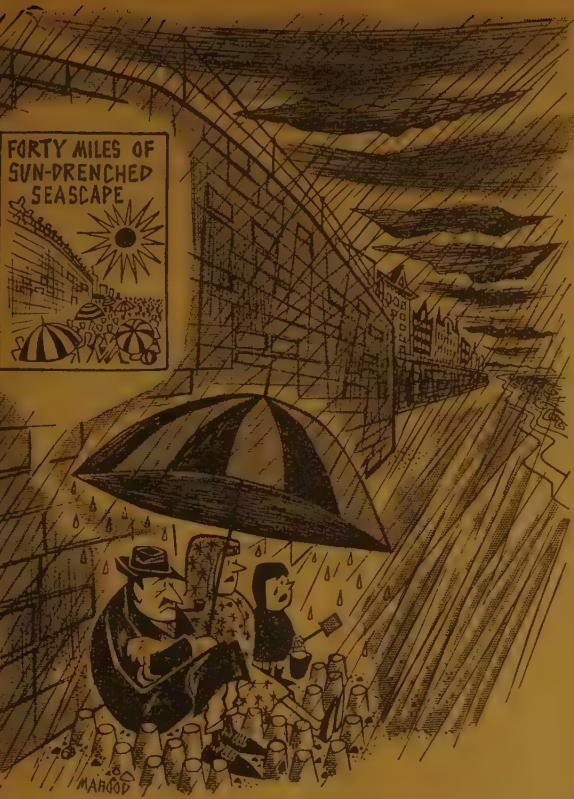
No, when it comes to planning a holiday you're out there on your own. Well, of course, your wife's out there on her own, too, and so are the children, on theirs, and this can make for difficulties. Children have unreasonable, sentimental attachments. They want to go back to the place where there was a beach donkey with one eye, or their favourite television comic was appearing in person in the pier pavilion. Your wife, on the other hand, may have a sudden cultural and educational turn, and feel drawn towards a lot of old earthworks in Wiltshire, while you, as it happens, feel that the last thing you want this year is a feast of megalithic monuments; what you had in mind was a little aqua-lung work on one of the cheaper shores of the Mediterranean.

All these aspirations have to be weighed and sifted, and a fair solution arrived at. Fair to you, I mean. After all, you're paying for it. And there's usually some point in the discussion where you can say, in a nice way, that they can all go off after their one-eyed donkeys and burial mounds, but they must find their own money. If they want a nice, free holiday, they'll join up with you and the sunshine of Marseilles.

One way to avoid this unpleasantness is to plan your holiday early enough. The best possible time to plan next year's holiday is during the journey back from this year's. By the time you're all back at your home station, with the luggage lost, and no taxis, and the rain sailing down and the kids covered in jelly-fish stings, you're likely to get an absolutely unanimous decision about where to go next summer. Nowhere. The whole lot of you will be in complete agreement. And this is the time, if you've any sense at all, to get something in writing. An open covenant, openly arrived at, scribbled on the back of the hotel bill, is all you need. 'We, the undersigned members of the Robinson family, agree to holiday at home next year and every year'. And put it in a safe place. It could be worth thousands. If you don't do this, and just let them all moan about the ghastly journey and the filthy weather and the shocking food and the awful people at the next table and all the other amenities that have worked out at about fifty quid a head, they'll forget it all during the long winter months; their scars will heal and their resolution weaken. And about February of next year they'll begin to fidget and drop hints about a fortnight in Guernsey. And if you remind them that on August 26 they all said they wouldn't leave home again for a fortune they'll either deny it or say they were joking.

In the Toils of Decision

However, if you're an early planner this bit of advice may be too late to do you any good this year. You're probably in the toils already, and I needn't tell you what a headache making the decision is. Luckily there's always one invaluable factor, and that is simple elimination. It's surprising how many holidays you can rule out from the beginning, if you only give it a bit of thought. All the places you've been to before—that's a useful start; I mean, someone's only got to mention Ireland or Skegness or the



Norfolk Broads, and everyone else says, good lord, no, that was where Arthur caught the mumps, or Elsie had hysterics in the Ghost Train, or the deck-chair men were so rude. It's these little things that turn you against a place, however well the municipal publicity speaks of it. I know a man who says terrible things about Blackpool because he was once there for a day, burying an uncle I think he was, and he saw a couple from his home town sitting near the band in the Tower Ballroom. And you've only got to mention Blackpool to this man and he says, 'What, that place? Why it's full of people you see too much of at home already'. This is the sort of thing that the seaside publicity men can't do an awful lot about, I suppose, really. Anyway, they never take space in the Sunday papers saying, 'Come to glorious Littlesands this year—you won't meet a soul you know'. All they can do is quote the sunshine figures, or the rainfall, whichever looks best, and hope that the customers will come rolling up.

Unforgettable . . .

As a matter of fact, when you think how little you get to guide you in the ordinary holiday advertisement, it's a wonder you can ever decide to go anywhere. When you read a line that says simply, 'A truly unforgettable holiday', it somehow lacks any real compulsion. What you want to know is just why it's going to be unforgettable. After all, you've had unforgettable holidays before. I see that some chap in Sicily is advertising 'Lovely spots, famous monumental resorts, "international events'. This doesn't tell me whether I'm going to enjoy it. I don't know what monumental resorts are, as a matter of fact. International events are the sort of thing I'm trying to get away from, I should think. As for the lovely spots, well you know what it's like when the kids come running into your bedroom on the second morning covered with them.

This sort of thing's no guide, really. One year we were attracted by an advertisement that simply said, 'Forty miles of Sun-drenched Seascape'. Just like that. A fine piece of evocative writing. We went for three weeks. It was raining when we got there, and the landlord came out of the hotel to meet us with a song on his lips; he said they'd had the driest June and July on record, and he'd been buying water at £2 a day, but now we'd turned up he could see everything was going to be all right. And it was too. That was six years ago, and I don't suppose he's had to buy a drop of water since. I've still got a cutting from the local paper there; it was the report of a careless driving case, and the headline said 'Motor Cyclist Blinded by Sleet': August 2, I think the date was.

Just a last word on planning—and that is that if you carry it through really elaborately it can actually take the place of the holiday itself. We were going to Austria two years ago—no, I'm a liar, it was three—and we went into the thing with tremendous thoroughness, including catalogues of ski-ing trousers and details of a night in Vienna and all that. Then some friends of ours came back from there and said they'd never been

outside the hotel because of a permanent mountain mist, so we packed the whole idea up. But the wonderful thing is that if you asked us suddenly whether we'd been to Austria we should say yes. We feel just as if we had. And this may well be the answer to the whole holiday problem. And, of course, it's the cheapest possible way of answering it.—Home Service

The Bakery

I go to the bakery, buy a bun,  
Then an old baker there grasps me by the hand.  
If this story is spread abroad,  
You are to blame, O little flower.  
Yes, yes, I will go to his bower,  
Secret and near.

I go to the temple, light the lantern,  
Then a head priest there grasps me by the hand.  
If this story is spread abroad,  
You alone are to blame, O little novice.  
Yes, yes, I will go to his bower,  
Secret and near.

I go to the village well, draw the water,  
Then a dragon there grasps me by the hand.  
If this story is spread abroad,  
You alone are to blame, O little ladle.  
Yes, yes, I will go to his bower,  
Secret and near.

I go to the tavern, buy a drink,  
Then an innkeeper there grasps me by the hand.  
If this story is spread abroad,  
You alone are to blame, O little cup.  
Yes, yes, I will go to his bower,  
Secret and near.

A Korean courtesan's poem of the thirteenth-century, translated by PETER HYUN



# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## East Germany and Reunification

Sir,—I was very interested to read Mr. A. Rhodes's talk, 'Do East Germans Want Reunification?', in THE LISTENER of April 23 and would like to state that I have gathered quite the same information during a two-years' stay in East Berlin.

However, I was rather amazed about the conclusion Mr. Rhodes drew from his experiences, namely, that 'reunification must be many years, decades even, ahead'.

It seems to me that one could just as well conclude—from the information obtained—that the people of East Germany, by developing a sincere dislike of both extremes, capitalism and communism as represented by the present leaders of West and East Germany's ruling parties respectively, pave the way for a compromise in the question of German reunification on the lines of either progressive conservatism or bourgeois socialism (i.e., the left wing within West Germany's ruling party: the Christian Democrats, plus the right wing of West Germany's opposition party: the Social Democrats, in co-operation with the formerly Social Democratic and liberal elements within East Germany's 'Socialist Unity Party').

That such tendencies of considerable strength do exist, has, at least for West Germany, been proved by the recent resignation of Dr. Adenauer as Chancellor, which, at least to some extent, was due to pressure from moderate circles within his own party; furthermore by the rise to power of such an undogmatic Socialist as Mr. Brandt, the very popular Lord Mayor of West Berlin. As for East Germany, it could well be speculated that a man like the present Prime Minister, Mr. Grotewohl, who comes from Social Democratic background, would be acceptable to East and West Germans alike, once the Soviets have decided that it might be opportune for Mr. Ulbricht, East Germany's actual ruler, to withdraw to the Soviet Union whose citizenship he holds.

As proper background for such a development East Germany's rising standard of living lessens the prospect, as expressed by some West German business circles, of his becoming a 'liability' to prosperous West Germany, once reunification has been agreed upon. Also the more responsible attitude of the East Germans towards the Nazi past, as pointed out by Mr. Rhodes, would be in agreement with the growing uneasiness about West Germany's somewhat evasive attitude in this matter, among largely the same 'moderates' who seem to be in a process of taking over West Germany's political power.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.6

G. HIELSCHER

## The Art of Proof

Sir,—Professor Titchmarsh in his 'Art of Proof' (THE LISTENER, April 23) says there are two different points of view in mathematics: that of the pure mathematician and that of the theoretic physicist. What can be understood is

that the difference is a distinguishing character of an indissoluble partnership which, again, has its genesis in a general process.

My own field is with the elements of the pure and of the applied in one. Here the art of proof comes in. The number 999,999,999 can be squared in two different but inalienable directions at one and the same time, thus revealing a process of immediacy in which action and reaction are not only equal and opposite but also counterpart in form. Its geometry is partly, and effectively, squared-paper work. It proves itself and is a practical blackboard demonstration for students of matriculation standard. Further, when I go for a walk down the street I can visualise my movement as the difference between alternate squares in respect of sides and diagonals and therefore of the cube.

If I want to understand the essential difference between odd and even numbers, the idea of such a difference having come to me spontaneously, I must see it in the self-proved fact that, quantity resolved into the process, an odd number generates an equation different from that of the even number, in which difference the two kinds of equation make each other.

If I want to gather the meaning of primeness in the general process I know I must look for a number which cannot possibly be of sole use in itself because of its symbolically static meaning. So I take the number One as the real prime. By itself we can do nothing with it. What happens, then, when such an important relatively prime number as 137 turns up in an equation? Simply this: I deal with it from the standpoint of general process and split it in terms of energy and mass. Then I observe the static equation emerge to throw new light on the present abstraction of an atomic world.

We are here, in fact, dealing with a whole-number mathematics, one most suitable for describing a universe which is itself a whole number.

Professor Titchmarsh speaks of the coming of ideas by way of a subconscious mind. Yet the subconscious mind is only that of which we are not immediately aware but in the absence of which we could not have awareness. What I have myself experienced more than once is the birth of a mathematical idea which did not connect with anything in my knowledge at that time. Later on, however, a problem has swum into my ken which has fitted the unasked-for idea. In other words, a solution can arrive in advance of a problem. Is this a rare occurrence? By no means; it is happening all the time with everybody, but is not often noticed. That is immediacy. That is where time and space are resolved into the general process. Here is the Philosopher's Stone.—Yours, etc.,

Cardiff

JOHN HILL

Sir,—Professor Titchmarsh's talk on mathematics raises again the old question, 'Is there a formula for primes?' Fermat in 1640 thought he had one but admitted he could not obtain a proof. This formula  $2^{2^n} + 1$  gives primes for

$n = 0$  to 4 but  $n = 5$  was found by Euler to give the composite number 4294967297 with factors 641 and 6700417. It has been found since that all values of  $n$  from 6 to 12 except 10 give composite numbers.

Euler discovered a quadratic formula  $x^2 + x + 41$  which is prime for all  $x$  from 0 to 39 but obviously  $x(x + 1) + 41$  has 41 as factor if  $x = 40$  or 41.

Jevons remarked that so many values giving primes might suggest all values would, a very unscientific induction, and Todhunter gave an ingenious but unnecessary proof that  $a + bx + cx^2 + dx^3 + \dots$  could not be a formula for primes; for obviously  $x = a$  makes 'a' a factor of every term.—Yours, etc.,

Little Totham

W. F. WOOLNER-BIRD

Sir,—In his talk Professor Titchmarsh refers to the discussion in Professor Hardy's book—*A Mathematician's Apology*—of the nature of mathematical processes, and whether mathematicians create values or discover them.

I read Professor Hardy's book soon after it was published and, though not qualified to do so, I wrote to Professor Hardy making certain objections to his views, on general lines, and not of course entering into a technical mathematical discussion. Professor Hardy very kindly replied, and as his letter has bearing on the present discussion I quote from it as below. It will be seen Professor Hardy distinguished between the concept of being, and existence in time and space:

In my book, I guard myself about the use of creative as applied to mathematics (see pages 63-64), saying, broadly, that I only use it for convenience. I think one could hold the same view about music; all the possible combinations of notes are, in the same sense as all relations between numbers (I don't mean, of course, that they exist, reserving that word of existence in time and space), and the composer comes along and discovers them.

You may say that such a doctrine seems paradoxical if you try to apply it to poetry: did Shakespeare's sonnets have being before he wrote them? But I doubt whether it is as paradoxical as it sounds. I think all possible combinations of English words do have being in that sense. Remember Eddington's monkeys, which if you set them strumming on typewriters at random, would sooner or later, write all Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare's merit was to see his way to the point.

I don't say I find all this entirely convincing, but it seems to me defensible.

Yours, etc.,

Kettering

W. A. PAYNE

## 'Candida'

Sir,—Mr. Ian Rodger's frank attempt to distinguish between art and journalism becomes an attempt to cut art off from thought and therefore from life. You cannot write what Mr. Rodger in his inflated way calls an 'eternal' play if you are not journalist enough to be steeped in the issues of your time, as Shakespeare knew when he spoke about 'abstract and



brief chronicles', as Ibsen knew when he wrote *Brand* and *Ghosts*, which are at this moment drawing the town. *Brand* was written in anger against Ibsen's smug, quisling and bourgeois Norway of the nineteenth century. And, possibly wrongly, we assume Oswald's illness in *Ghosts* to be venereal. Then why do *Brand* and *Ghosts* fascinate us when the nineteenth-century world has vanished and syphilis is curable? It is because the particular dramatic contexts of the plays become what Francis Fergusson calls analogies relevant to our world and because Ibsen's journalistic interest in his world and time, like Chekhov's, brought him to the main-springs of human nature.

It is the same with Shaw. Like the slaughter at the end of *Hamlet*, like the avalanche in *Brand*, the zeppelin raid which brings *Heart-break House* to an end is not symbolical, it is symptomatic. When the gay, dilettantesque, pre-1914 society ignored the abstract philosophical fulminations of Marx-Nietzsche-Shotover-Shaw it paved the way for the war which all too often brought a bomb on a fine house and a bullet to a fine man. Surely our generation cannot find the idea of a bomb dropping on a house so unlikely? And for Mr. Rodger to say that 'Shotover flies no ideological kites' and leaves us without any thought save that 'we are all eventually for the dark' indicates not only that Mr. Rodger has not listened to the play with attention but that his critical evaluation is conditioned by a nostalgia for a mood of swooning and helpless melancholy. 'Navigate or die' is Shotover's repeated injunction and he makes it quite clear that he means the navigation of English society. If Shotover is (as Mr. Rodger admits) real for him, it is because like all Shaw's major characters he is, while individualized, made large enough in character and in thought to speak for the world in which he lives.

Similarly, *Candida* is still played with success because the man-woman relationships in that

play still pertain to our world even though the nineteenth-century world in which they were set has vanished. And the reasons why audiences flocked to see *Man and Superman* on its recent revivals in this country and in the U.S. are that Shaw, like Ibsen, by studying his society, saw the essential elements in man's relationship with his world, so that his socialism became emancipated from any narrow political commitment. His audiences, ungoaded by the mysterious Authority of which Mr. Rodger writes, are attracted by the drama of conflict of ideas from which Mr. Rodger recoils. The inference is that we want more writers capable of giving us that conflict and fewer critics like Mr. Rodger.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7

HENRY ADLER

Son of God

Sir,—The Rev. E. J. Tinsley, after repeating his translation of Mark 15, 39 ('Truly this man was a son of God'), makes a somewhat misleading statement when he goes on to say, 'I was translating literally from the Greek which has no definite article either here or at Matthew 27, 54'. It should be pointed out that in both classical and Hellenistic Greek the article is frequently omitted before a predicate noun or adjective, so that the translation '... the son of God' has the full sanction of grammatical usage.

In the Greek of the New Testament, as E. C. Colwell has shown (*Journal of Biblical Literature* 52 (1933), 12-21), practice is varied in the matter; but the article is generally omitted in definite predicates before the verb. The instances we are discussing are *υἱὸς ἦν Θεοῦ* and *Θεοῦ υἱὸς ἦν*; they both belong, clearly, to this latter category. I may be pardoned for referring also to my own discussion of the subject in *The Expository Times* 62 (1951), 314-16.

All this does not mean, of course, that Mr. Tinsley's translation is not a possibility. But the New Testament use of this particular phrase

does not seem to favour it. What any Roman centurion was likely to have thought is another matter. If we follow this line we might well translate, as my wife suggests to me, 'Truly this man was the son of a god'. I prefer to believe that the centurion at the Cross had heard of the claim made for Christ and that he now avowed his belief that it was true, namely that he was 'the son of God'.—Yours, etc.,

Swansea

J. GWYN GRIFFITHS

Richard Porson

Sir,—In the talk on Richard Porson (*THE LISTENER*, April 16) I missed any reference to one famous story attributed to Porson.

Getting home one evening very drunk, he found that his landlady had forgotten to leave ready for him, as he progressed upstairs, his whisky and his candle.

When he had made sure they were not anywhere to be seen, he remarked:

Οὐδε τόδε, οὐδε τ' ἄλλο

Neat?

Yours, etc.,  
E. MAN

Edinburgh, 4

Musical Ornithology

Sir,—It is not really fair to blame a music critic for slipping-up over ornithology, especially as I also once assumed, like Mr. Arthur Hutchings (*THE LISTENER*, April 23) that the birds immortalized in *Sea-Drift* were seagulls. Being, however, a musician-cum-bird-watcher, I was tempted into a little detective work and discovered that Whitman's 'Two feather'd guests from Alabama' were almost certainly small birds known as song-sparrows, which, however, are no relation to our sparrows, but members of the warbler family. They nested 'in some briars', and the hen laid 'four light-green eggs spotted with brown'—a prosaic description which Delius set to music.—Yours, etc.,

Lytham St. Annes

S. H. CLARKE

Inter-City Bridge Test—Second Semi-final

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THE SECOND SEMI-FINAL in the inter-city individual test provided an extremely close struggle between Major G. Fell (Keighley) and Mr. J. Kennedy (Coventry). The first question concerned a tricky position in play:

J 5 (North)  
A 9 7 6 4 2 (South)

With adequate entries to both hands, how should South play this combination to make the maximum number of tricks, and why?

The answer is that South can make five tricks at best. This can be done only if West holds precisely K 10 or Q 10. The first play should be low from hand: if West goes up with the King (or Queen), declarer plays the Jack from dummy on the next round, to pin the 10; and if West plays the 10 on the first round, East will win and South must next play to drop the outstanding honour.

Major Fell gave the wrong answer here, Mr. Kennedy the right answer up to a point, but

the wrong reason. They were marked: Mr. Kennedy 3 (out of 10), Major Fell 0.

The next question was on bidding. North deals at game to North-South and the bidding goes:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
—	—	1 S	2 H
?			

What should South bid, holding  
♠ J 8 7 5; ♥ Q J 6 4; ♦ K 10 8; ♣ K 7 ?

The adjudicators took the view here that South's ♥ Q J 6 4 would pull so much more weight at no trumps than in spades that Two No Trumps, even though a slight overbid in terms of points, was a better call than Two Spades. We did not care for either of the alternatives, Three Spades or Double. Major Fell scored 10 points for answering Two No Trumps, Mr. Kennedy 7 for Two Spades. That made the scores exactly level.

The third question was on a point of law. At trick 8 West, a defender, improperly ex-

poses his remaining cards. What penalty can the declarer exact?

Although it happens from time to time that a defender exposes his hand, probably because he thinks he can claim the remainder, this law is not at all well known. Declarer can, in fact, treat the remaining cards of either defender as penalty cards. The hand of the other defender, if exposed, can be picked up. When a defender thinks that he has the rest of the tricks he can always show his cards to the declarer; but it is unwise to lay the hand on the table lest declarer exact this severe penalty.

Both Major Fell and Mr. Kennedy gave an answer that was only half correct, and they could not be separated at 4 points each. After the broadcast, several more trials of strength had to be held before the tie was eventually broken in favour of Mr. Kennedy. Thus he entered the final, where his opponent will be Mrs. G. A. Durran (Hertfordshire).

[The final of this competition will be discussed next week]



# Round the London Art Galleries

By DAVID SYLVESTER

**T**HIS year's London Group exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries reinforces the impression given by this year's Young Contemporaries annual that the most serious new trend in painting to have appeared in this country since the war is that which has been inspired by the example of David Bomberg, to some extent as a painter but above all as a teacher. The work of the painters in question inevitably has some physical resemblance to Bomberg's pictures—though the most important of these painters, Frank Auerbach (not showing at the London Group), is, significantly, the one with whom the likeness is least obvious—a resemblance which resides in the use of massive forms, earthy colours, and thick paint laid on in long straight weighty strokes of a loaded brush. Against this, their work tends to create a shallower space than Bomberg's, to be more tangled in structure, more angular in handwriting, less legible and less scenic.

Their essential inheritance from Bomberg is, rather, an idea, the idea of re-creating the mass of a certain object or view in such a way that we have the illusion of feeling it rather than seeing it, yet to get this tangibility without losing the integrity of the picture-surface, and, in so recreating it, of conveying that 'there is no finality to any form ultimately—everything we see, touch, or know, can always be something else' (to quote from a broadcast talk on Bomberg as teacher given last September by one of the exhibitors at the London Group, Cliff Holden).

The most impressive picture in the Bomberg tradition on show at the R.B.A. is probably Dennis Creffield's 'Landscape: Greenwich'. The restless shapes of the jagged brush-strokes settle down into a clear precise luminous structure, and the beauty of the painting resides in the contradiction between the savage vitality of the marks and the serenity of the total effect. But the 'Portrait' which Creffield also shows betrays the kind of difficulties which this method and approach run into when dealing, not with the broad effects of landscape, but with the more defined forms presented by the human head. Bomberg himself managed the human head less well than landscape, tending to lose the flatness of the picture-plane in making the head solid. Auerbach's heads are less convincing than his landscapes, tend to become schematic. Even the great Soutine, during his Ceret period (1919-1922) when he was working, if with a more vehement handwriting, along similar lines, preserved scarcely any of the heads he painted, but a fair proportion of the landscapes. It was only later, when his style relaxed, and his

solutions grew easier, that he became a painter of portraits as much as of landscapes.

In many ways, then, the most interesting painting at the R.B.A., in spite of its being rather too studious, wanting in punch, is a 'Head' by Andrew Forge in which the Bomberg

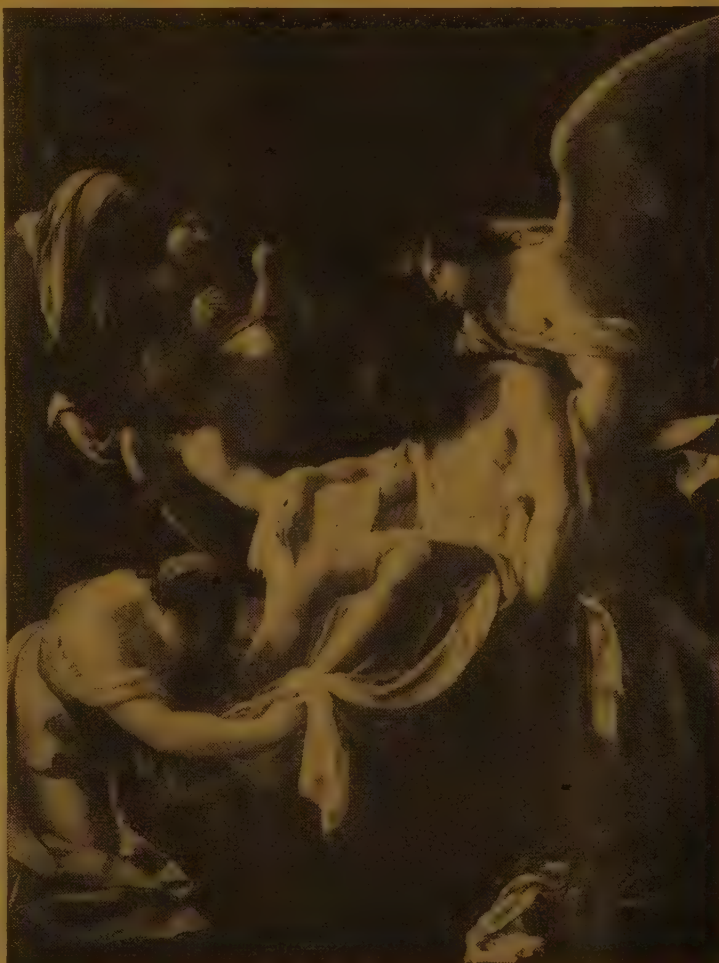
painter has not wanted to leave 'his mark'. The great value of this painting by Forge is that, although it has a rather romantically poetic atmosphere, its pictorial conception emphasizes the classical elements in Bomberg's approach. What Forge has done, indeed, is to discover

what it is in Cézanne that Bomberg and Giacometti have in common, and the work to which his 'Head' relates. The most profoundly might well be the very late Cézanne 'Portrait of Vallier' in the Tate. Ultimately, it seems to be in Cézanne that he has seen how to give a form substance and 'place' in space while keeping the picture-plane intact, and how to use the scale of a figure within the rectangle of the canvas as a means of conveying sensation. One might also say that he had learned from the Vallier portrait how to make statements of form that are ambiguous and general and oblivious of features yet convey that the subject is a particular person, were it not that to do this is not, I imagine, the sort of thing that one can learn from someone else.

Other works to be noted at the London Group are Victor Pasmore's very beautiful 'Square Development' (No. 29)—the only work, alas, of international stature in this exhibition—Robyn Denny's 'Living In' (No. 2), Vanessa Bell's 'Piazza, Venice' (No. 36), Carel Weight's 'Fury' (No. 73), Joe Tilson's 'Conquer' (No. 84), Terry Frost's 'Brown and Blue Figure' (No. 201), and Roger de Grey's 'Sole Street' (No. 286). The shaming eclecticism of this choice reflects the chaotic confusion of styles that exist in current art—a confusion which, for all that it is inevitable and must be accepted, makes a visit nowadays to large mixed exhibitions a jumpy and disorientating experience.

The exhibition of mainly recent works by Max Ernst at the Mayor Gallery's new premises in South Molton Street has been neatly summed up by Robert Melville: 'Ernst . . . is now rather like an old terrorist mildly enjoying the social benefits that his subversive activities helped to bring about'. But there is one large picture dated 1927 to show what a true terrorist he was. It is a picture as utterly original as the first *papiers collés* or the 'Radeau de la Méduse'. Even today, the way it combines flat semi-abstract signs with illusionistic forms still seems full of daring and excitement.

Two of several shows which close this Saturday are recommended—those of Carel Weight at Zwemmer's and Jeffery Camp at the Beaux Arts. Colnaghi's are showing an excellent miscellany of Old Masters, including the marvellous little Simon Vouet reproduced on this page.



'The Entombment', by Simon Vouet, from the exhibition of Old Masters at Colnaghi's, 14 Old Bond Street

approach has been applied to painting a head, or, rather, a half-length, with unusual conviction. In fact, Forge also seems to have applied lessons learned from Giacometti, who could well be the source of the way trunk, neck and head are seen here as divisions of one continuous column. Giacometti, of course, is another of those concerned to show that 'there is no finality to any form ultimately'. And one of the most impressive things about Forge's half-figure is that in it an extreme compactness of form is reconciled with that elusiveness of contour which is found in nature (so that the form is firm, but breathes). This expression of the fluidity of our sensations is indeed the only purpose to which this painting puts its free conspicuous brush-strokes: here the conspicuousness of each stroke is not a matter of personal handwriting, as in the Creffield landscape or as in a Bomberg or a Soutine. Here the



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

**Balzac's *Comédie Humaine***

By Herbert J. Hunt.

Athlone Press. £2 10s.

Reviewed by H. G. WHITEMAN

'QU'EST-CE QUE ce tête-là? C'est un monde!' The shrill protest of the female 'sommnambulist' who had become instantly aware of Balzac's presence at her seance can evoke an echo even in the most confirmed balzacian. How much more ominously does that monstrous figure—as compelling a literary icon as Dante's—bear down upon the uninitiate as he prepares to enter the *Comédie Humaine*! Its population, we are informed by Professor Hunt, 'has been roughly computed as amounting to 2,492 named and 566 unnamed persons' and this seems excessive to us in our over-populated world; Pascal's infinite spaces are less terrifying. But by the time we have reached the end of this long, scholarly volume all our revulsions have been argued away; we are prepared to agree with the enthusiasts that it isn't enough just to read *Le Père Goriot* or *La Cousine Bette* and that now we must face the forty volumes of the Conard Edition.

At a first glance this is a study which might well daunt any except the infatuated student. There is no reading quite so deadly as the synopses of plots and the elaboration of cross-references from one novel to another, yet with Balzac such guide-book work is a necessity; in Dr. Hunt's hands it becomes absorbing. Félicien Marceau's *Balzac et son Monde* is an indispensable Baedeker to the *Comédie Humaine*, but it is almost meaningless to those who have not graduated beyond the first stages of tourism. Most critical essays, even when they have been written by Alain or Hugo von Hofmannsthal, are unsatisfactory as introductions because their easy familiarity perpetuates our bad conscience at so many of the novels left unread. Dr. Hunt, with his imperturbable scholarship, has made a massive contribution to Balzac studies which at the same time impels the unprepared reader into the ramifications of Balzac's world. It seems astonishing that his critical method has not been so extensively employed before on the *corpus* of the novels. This method, as Dr. Hunt defines it, is 'to watch Balzac's purpose unfolding' throughout the years of creative turbulence—to observe his projects as they seethed in his mind and took their shape.

Dr. Hunt's excellent biography of his author was a necessary preparation for his task. What has inhibited this approach hitherto has been the critics' rigid adhesion to the schematic framework clamped down upon the novels and the consequent orthodoxy that Balzac was the forerunner of naturalism and 'the secretary of an epoch'. No doubt Balzac was himself to blame; the conception of a *Comédie Humaine* was a superb device for putting his work across. 'I have often been astonished', wrote Baudelaire, 'that Balzac's glory was based on the claim that he was an observer; it has always seemed to me that his chief merit was that of an obsessed visionary'. It is this *Balzac visionnaire* which

Dr. Hunt's vast survey elucidates and orders.

To write of Balzac is to be exposed to his *ivresse*; this study is remarkable for its sobriety. 'If this book has fulfilled its purpose it will have laid before the reader the sort of information upon which, once he has verified and enriched it by personal exploration, he may found his own judgments. But he has the right to expect', concludes Dr. Hunt with characteristic modesty, 'a summary assessment'. Each sentence in this subsequent evaluation bears the weight of considered judgment behind it. But however much we may be tempted to pause at what Dr. Hunt has to say about Balzac's fundamental pessimism or the 'metaphysic substratum', we come to rest finally on the Balzac who stands with Shakespeare, Dante, Molière and Cervantes, offering 'a knowledge of human nature on which each successive generation can draw'. 'I am still reading Balzac', wrote Yeats to his father in 1909, 'I have only four or five of the forty volumes left to read'. Happy the son who had so wise a mentor as to set him down to the *Comédie Humaine*.

**The Rhondda Valleys. By E. D. Lewis.**

Phoenix House. 25s.

Anyone who stands on the hills at the north end of the Rhondda valleys, looking across the Vale of Neath to the distant Carmarthen Van and the Brecon Beacons, knows that that part of South Wales was created by nature a lovely land. If he turns from that view and walks back down the valleys, he also knows what sad work the industry of the nineteenth century made of it. He might wonder too, if he comes to know the lively and vigorous community which exists there, by what events people arrived to live out their lives among those hills and those coal-pits.

How it happened is the subject of this book, published by the Borough of Rhondda. In case this suggests an official volume, written in prose of battleship grey, perhaps it should be said that the book was a historical thesis for the University of Wales before it was adopted by the Borough, and that it is written in a straightforward, graphic way which suits its subject. For the history of Rhondda is essentially a record of industrial development both vast and swift. The Rhondda valleys at the beginning of the nineteenth century were a remote district visited by tourists in search of the picturesque, who wished to enjoy mountain scenery without going to the Alps. They preserved this rural character until after 1850, when the novel demands of railways and steamships for steam-coal opened people's eyes to the presence in the Rhondda of one of the largest and most valuable deposits of that commodity in the world, easily worked and brought to the sea. It was in the eighteen-sixties and -seventies that the big development of this part of the Glamorganshire coalfield began. Between the eighteen-eighties and 1914, the Rhondda valleys became the mainstay of the coal export business carried on at Cardiff, Barry, and Penarth, and one of the busiest coal-mining centres in the world.

The time begins to lie far back, before the first world war, although people can recollect it, when the night was alive with the clink of the coal-trains moving between Cardiff and the collieries and the ships stood out at sea waiting their turn to coal. In those days, Welsh steam-coal moved the Fleet and a large part of the world's merchant shipping, as well as railways. The Welsh coal valleys were no inconsiderable part of the wealth and power of Britain and on this ground alone their history would be worth writing. There is, however, the development of a community to be told here, as well as of an industry. The growth of the coal industry was all-important to the community, for the Rhondda valleys had little other occupation.

Much of the interest of the book lies in watching the decisions of two very different types of people; of the great business men of the area, such as David Davies of the Ocean Coal Company and D. A. Thomas, the later Lord Rhondda, and of the multitude of those who sought work in the mines. An economic historian would have welcomed more information on the strictly business side of the coal industry, for example its finance. On the other hand, the character and results of the great migration into the Rhondda from all parts of Wales and south-western England are described here, by one who combines fullness of local knowledge with a taste for social history, in an account which abundantly justifies the Borough of Rhondda in undertaking publication. That unique community was already on the change even before the steam-coal business experienced evil days. One must regret with the author that Rhondda history between the two world wars is treated only in outline.

W. H. B. COURT

**The Plains of Abraham. By Brian**

Connell. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.

**Wolfe at Quebec. By Christopher**

Hibbert. Longmans. 21s.

These two books are reminders that the bicentenary of the *annus mirabilis*, in which the taking of Quebec was the crowning piece, is upon us. Although their common highlight is the scaling of the Heights of Abraham from the Anse du Foulon and the subsequent battle on its summit, the authors' approach to their subject-matter differs. In Mr. Connell's *Plains of Abraham* Wolfe's splendid achievement is the connecting link between two momentous bursts of musketry, from George Washington's small force on an Ohio forest trail in 1754, and from embattled militiamen twenty-one years later on Lexington village green. The first started the frontier war with France, the second the War of American Independence. 'For a century the French had laboured to draw a vast cordon round the British possessions in North America. . . . Wolfe's victory broke their hold for ever. Into the vacuum surged the progenitors of the American Revolution'. If Mr. Connell goes on to adopt the traditional view of Wolfe he nevertheless tells with literary skill and clarity the story of those twenty-odd years of bitter frontier



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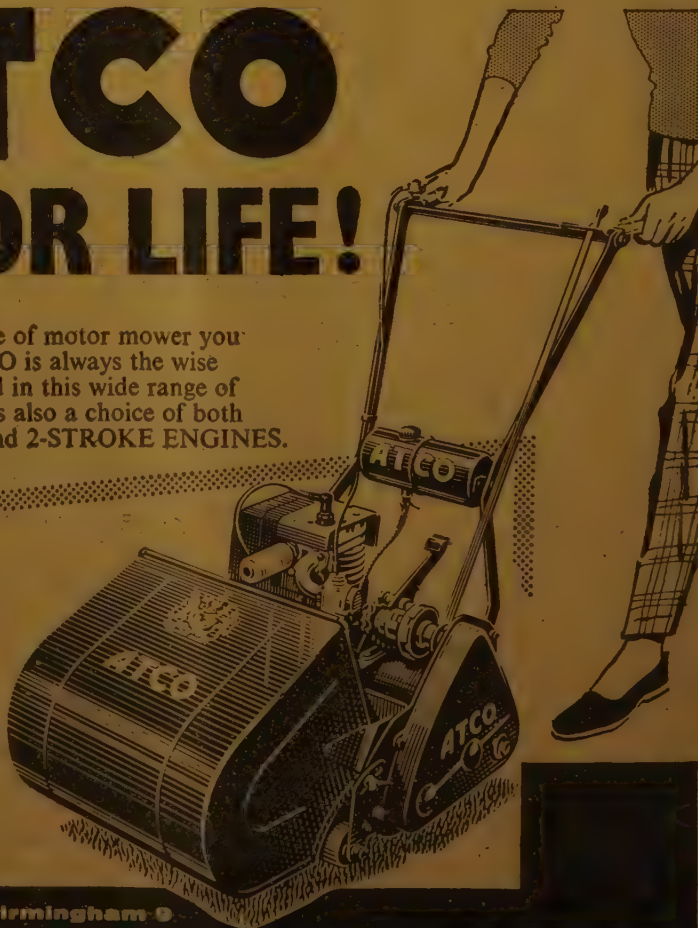
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and Indian warfare which preceded and succeeded the fall of Quebec and provided an important *casus belli* between the Colonists and their Motherland. One could wish, however, that he had made up his mind to call Washington consistently either by his Christian or his surname; or rather that he had chosen the latter as being more proper and dignified.

In his *Wolfe at Quebec* Mr. Hibbert has confined himself to a narrower field. Only a cursory account is given of Wolfe's early years and of the consequences of his victory. But what the author has to say of those weeks between Wolfe's arrival before Quebec and his death is important and, to many readers, will be surprising. By consulting documents not hitherto available Mr. Hibbert has constructed a realistic, unfamiliar, yet on the whole convincing portrait of a man whose death in the hour of triumph inevitably blotted out his faults and failings. But because he eschews all footnotes out of a mistaken regard for the stomach of the 'general reader' (who can after all skip them) it is not always possible to assess the value of the authorities from which his unflattering portrayal is derived. Of Wolfe's astonishing personal courage there was never any dispute, but except when the bullets are falling about him he is depicted as vain and theatrical, querulous and quarrelsome in his relations with his staff, sadistic in his scorched-earth policy, and, worst of all in a commander, irresolute in his strategy. Still for all this, the choice of the Anse du Foulon and the intricate arrangements which preceded and covered the landing were his and his alone; and as leader of an amphibian force (at the age of thirty-three) he can hardly ever have been surpassed. These two considerations are given insufficient stress by Mr. Hibbert but not by Mr. Connell.

Both authors, perhaps almost inevitably, trundle out the tale of Wolfe's quoting from Gray's 'Elegy' as the boats moved towards the shore. If ever he did quote the lines—and the evidence for it is thin—it was on a night reconnaissance some days previous to the assault.  
W. BARING PEMBERTON

**Conrad the Novelist.** By Albert J. Guerard. Oxford, for Harvard. 30s.

When you come to think of it, the title of this book is peculiar. Why not simply *Conrad*? The relevance of the other two words becomes clear only when you realize that for the author (Professor of English at Harvard) the Novelist is an Important Person. The Novelist does not write for the casual reader, the Novelist is sternly and importantly involved in Creative Writing; although *Lord Jim*, as Professor Guerard admits, 'has some appeal even for the casual reader who moves through a novel as clumsily as he moves through life'. There is no clumsiness about Professor Guerard's movement through the novels, and assuredly he does not move clumsily through life. He knows what is important and what is not important. Conrad's short novels take the reader 'through human experiences of major importance', Conrad's personality as revealed in *Lord Jim* 'differs importantly' from that shown in two other books, one thing 'leads still more importantly to' another, *Lord Jim* rests on 'an important human situation', *Under Western Eyes* was 'the last book in which Conrad was importantly involved and also the last in which he could,

importantly not sentimentally, involve his readers'. It is clear, at least, that the author has a sense of importance.

This book reads like a supervisor's report at a course on creative writing. Professor Guerard is himself a novelist. On technique he is a knowledgeable critic, particularly interesting when he traces the connexion between Conrad's evasive temperament and his dislike of direct scenic presentation, though the author is naïve to sum this up by saying that 'psychic necessity . . . became deliberate art', since all acts of integrity, artistic or otherwise, are influenced by psychic necessity; Conrad was scarcely unique in this. Professor Guerard is meticulous and penetrating, so penetrating that he seems to emerge on the other side of the novels, discoursing to his students with Conrad left some way behind. For this book is primarily a discourse to students, who are most definitely not casual readers. These ignorant undergraduates are potential novelists and critics. They must be told what is good and what is bad. All of which is possible only on the assumption that the Professor is always right. 'These chapters, then, are first-rate': in this context, 'then' means 'because I say so'. *Lord Jim* is 'of course, an art novel, a novelist's novel, a critic's novel'; so this book gets extended treatment. 'Chance remains a serious and important novel . . . not major Conrad'. And so the books are sorted and stamped in this literary packing-station. The existential profundities of Conrad have already been stimulatingly exposed by, among others, Morton Zabel; Professor Guerard elaborates for serious young students who understand jargon.

IDRIS PARRY

### In Fires of No Return

Poems by James K. Baxter.

### Third Day Lucky

Poems by Robin Skelton.

Both Oxford. 12s. 6d. each.

About a year ago a poet from India, Dom Moraes, enriched the life-blood of English poetry, at present rather thin and feeble, with an original and unfamiliar vision, a kind of disenchanted innocence, expressed in poems which were at once dramatically lively and sensuously lyrical. Something of the same effect is created by the work of James Baxter, a New Zealand poet well known in his own country but here published for the first time. His poems are varied, attractive and enjoyable; some of them are considerable achievements. The more obvious winners, which the reader will probably start with—'Lament for Barney Flanagan', for instance—are funny and sophisticated variations on the ballad and narrative tradition characteristic of antipodean poetry.

But Mr. Baxter is no quid-chewing yarner. Even a poem like 'The Surferman's Story', about a life-saver who marries the survivor of a suicide pact, fits into our vernacular too: it is just the kind of satire of circumstance Hardy liked to write. And the New Zealand 'properties'—ngaio, bluegum, etc.—enter naturally into what he has to say and contribute to its freshness. But his main subject is personal emotion, which he writes about with a welcome and disarming frankness. He deals with sex (and how rarely poets do nowadays, though novelists do nothing else) like a disillusioned Lawrence. In this *genre* 'Never No More' may be quoted; it also

illustrates the way in which Mr. Baxter handles movement and blends the familiar and the unfamiliar:

The trodden path in the brambles led  
Sweet and sure to a lifted frock  
To the boathouse spree and the hayloft bed  
A hamstrung heart and no way back:  
Like a toi-toi arrow shot in the air  
Never no more never no more

'The Bad Young Man' is even better, but is too long to quote. Religious and sexual experience come together in a remarkable monologue called 'Seraphion', about a reformed rake, now a hermit on Mt. Athos, where he fled from his past life

To praise Him in the desert of His Truth.

By a brilliant irony, one nostalgic memory of a love-affair pursues him. In each of these poems something happens. We are not left at the end just where we were at the start. This is the kind of poetry we need.

Mr. Skelton's new book contains a number of 'metaphysical' poems full of references to Yeats, caves, etc.; several of them are appropriately dedicated to Kathleen Raine. The poem 'At Tutankhamun's Tomb, Thinking of Yeats', for instance, is, as its title suggests, rather an amalgam, a museum of broken complexities, mire and blood, etc.; a typical academic poem. Again, 'The Flood' depends for its climax on echoes of Marvell and Housman, an incongruous pair. One of the curses of too much literacy is that literature (other people's) will never let experience alone, but will keep interfering. This is a burden the academic poet must bear. Yet Mr. Skelton sometimes puts it down, particularly in the group of landscape poems at the beginning of the book. These exist in their own right, hard as the rock they describe, experience as geology not as literature. Mr. Skelton is at his best in 'The Ball', an allegory in twenty-four lines about an iron ball stuck in a dangerous cliff. The poem moves steadily, using a plain and passionate idiom, to a fine and inevitable conclusion:

. . . but you'll never move it. The sea is loud  
as your heart as you lie on the slime and shift  
your hand past your head as you chin the stone,  
and every time that you try to lift  
a muscle or twist the tide seems near  
and the rock roof closer. The ball burns red  
where roof meets rock: I hid it there  
when I was a child of God, he said.

K. W. GRANSDEN

**Anthony Trollope. Aspects of his Life and Art.** By Bradford A. Booth.

Edward Hulton. 30s.

The return of Trollope after his 'long banishment from the ranks of distinguished novelists' (Professor Booth uses the phrase in his preface to Trollope's Letters which he edited) has not, over the past thirty years or so, escaped the scrutiny of critics—or for that matter the critics of *Scrutiny*. This latest examination by one who 'has lived much in the company of Trollope's ghost during the last fifteen years' is not, as was originally intended, an exhaustive critical study; it is a series of essays, divided into two parts. The first gives a picture of the man, of the ecclesiastical and political worlds to which he addressed himself, and of some of the aspects of contemporary society with which he was concerned. The second part discusses his methods and materials, the background of his



reading, and the principles he employed in novel writing—his subordination of plot to character, the laxity of many of his constructions, and so on. (In dealing with *The Last Chronicle* Professor Booth mentions its irrelevances and suggests it as a likely possibility for abridgment—anticipating perhaps its recent treatment on television?) In a final chapter the author refers to the 'chaos of criticism' that exists over

Trollope's work, and concludes that 'one comes close to the source of his power when one recognizes the keenness of his sensibility and the warmth of his sympathy'.

The book is one that specialists will take pleasure in—and no doubt quarrel over. It is certainly one that will appeal to those who enjoy the analysis of fiction in its upper reaches. But as the circle of Trollopians widens, so also, one

supposes, will the desire to explore Trollope's mind and world—the mind of the nineteenth-century bureaucrat (as Rebecca West calls him) and the world of clergymen and sportsmen, old politicians and young lovers. To say that the best thing is to read Trollope is no disparagement of this book. Those who wish to read about him will find in Professor Booth a sensible and seasoned guide.

ALAN THOMAS

## New Novels

*Jack would be a Gentleman.* By Gillian Freeman. Longmans. 15s.

*The Centre of the Green.* By John Bowen. Faber. 15s.

*The Englishmen.* By Laurence Lerner. Hamish Hamilton. 15s.

ALL societies need to provide a way of satisfying, in fantasy or in fact, the secret hopes and wishes of their members; in primitive societies there is magic, in more advanced ones, like ours, there are the pools. What happens to those whose wildest dreams come true? Is there a curse on them, as some believe, or is Luck truly a beneficent goddess who bestows not only fortune but happiness? One often wishes that some enterprising newspaper would interview every person who has won over £20,000 on the pools during the last ten years and give us the results. Then we might have some statistical basis for answering such questions; as it is we can only speculate.

Miss Freeman seems to belong to the school of thought which holds that luck in the pools brings no luck in life; primarily, it would appear, because of an assumption that sudden wealth disrupts the delicate social order which in England assigns to every man and woman the place in life which is natural and appropriate. As a house painter, not affluent but respectable, without ambition, slightly shiftless, Jack Prosser was perfectly contented so long as he could go down to the pub every evening for his beer, his gossip, and his game of darts. His wife, it is true, would have liked him to better himself; she had her modest social ambitions, and most of all would have liked some relief from domestic drudgery, but after all she had the 'telly', and was proud because she had been able to give her daughter a better education than she or her husband had enjoyed. Their son, Barry, worked in a garage and one day hoped to have his own; daughter Moyra had repaid her mother's devotion, and by way of eleven-plus, the grammar school and the technical college was well on the way to social advancement.

Then suddenly Jack wins £50,000 on the pools. What happens? Jack gives up his job, goes into business on his own and is cheated by his best friend. He buys his wife a house in a select neighbourhood, grander than she had imagined in her wildest dreams, but she is lonely, and oppressed by the social superiority of her neighbours and her maid. Moyra marries a young man above her station, who for all his charm has the makings of a cold-blooded cad; Barry leaves his garage, takes up motor racing, and is killed in his first race at Goodwood. And apart from these major disasters, the Prossers are continually worried, depressed, irritated and bewildered by their offences against the mysterious and intricate system of social

taboos which in England forms the heaviest part of the white man's burden. We may doubt whether, in fact, the laws of fortune work with quite such relentless necessity as they do in *Jack would be a Gentleman*, and Barry's death in particular introduces an element of melodrama which slightly mars the realism of Miss Freeman's novel. But apart from this doubt, *Jack would be a Gentleman* offers an unusually convincing picture of working-class life as it is lived in the age of technical progress, the pools, and the 'telly'. Jack Prosser, his family and his friends are admirably drawn studies, not of types but of individuals, and Miss Freeman achieves the rare feat of writing about the working-class without being either patronizing or sentimental. She has in particular a sense of those fine, almost metaphysical, distinctions and discriminations which make English social life what it is. *Jack would be a Gentleman* is a most refreshing book, both because of its subject and because Miss Freeman has the rare gift of being really interested in the way we live now. She reminds one that what is lacking in most novelists is not imagination but the sense of reality.

Perhaps, indeed, this is what is sometimes lacking in *The Centre of the Green*, and this is unfortunate because Mr. Bowen has very considerable talents. But what is one to say when three grown men, of rather wider than average experience, are in serious doubts whether the age of consent in England is eighteen or sixteen? The confidence which Mr. Bowen has built up in us suddenly vanishes and the work has to be done all over again. *The Centre of the Green* is a study in loneliness, of the withering away of the heart, of feeling, affection, life itself, through the failure of human beings to communicate. Colonel Justin Baker, retired, living in his Devonshire cottage, has lost touch with his wife and his two sons because of his long absence in India during and after the war; his wife is estranged from him because she has concentrated her affections exclusively on her two sons, while they have grown up and away from her, and are now no longer merely objects of her love. The eldest, Julian, is a compulsive, psychopathic philanderer, both promiscuous and undersexed, in his own words; the younger, Charles, does not even have this stimulus of feeling, and living alone in his London flat is driven first to attempted suicide and then to group therapy as a way out of the desert of stone which he inhabits.

Violent means are required to resolve such a desperate situation; the resolution is found when Julian tempts his father to read the porno-

graphic diary of his sexual adventures which he has kept during a holiday they have spent together in Majorca. The shock of the revelation is too much for the colonel, who has a stroke and dies. Something strikes one as false in the ending, and perhaps even in the desperate predicament in which Mr. Bowen's characters find themselves; yet he conveys it with an intensity that is heightened by the sharpness with which he observes the curiously dead world in which they live.

In *The Englishmen* we leave the sick soul of the individual for a society which is sick. Richard Baxton, a South African, is a schoolmaster at St. Patrick's, in Cape Town. He is liberal, enlightened, progressive, devoted to his work and his pupils, and is looking forward to getting married and to taking up a new post at a school in England. This happy state of affairs is his reward for having found a somewhat uneasy compromise with the doctrines of racialism and White supremacy which dominate St. Patrick's, just as they dominate all other South African institutions; England and marriage are his order of release. His compromise is destroyed by the arrival of two new masters from England. One of them, the Reverend Charles Franklin, a jovial, genial, sinister opportunist, quickly adapts himself to the ugly facts of life in South Africa; the other, Quentin Tracy, is an irritating intellectual of anarchistic tendencies, whose taste for blasphemy and heresy even carries him so far as to sleep with an African maidservant. Baxton is by nature prig and *bien pensant*, and his natural instinct is to dislike the irreverent Tracy, especially since he has alienated the affections of his fiancée; but when Tracy's behaviour precipitates a crisis in the school, Baxton has to take his side and loses his job, his girl, and his prospect of happiness in England. *The Englishmen* is interesting chiefly for its picture of a society which is totally corrupted by the influence of triumphant racialism; and the picture is all the more effective because White supremacy appears at its most repulsive and absurd when reflected in the minds of schoolboys.

Also recommended: Anyone who has not read *The Best Short Stories of Ring Lardner* (Chatto and Windus, 21s.) before can now make the acquaintance of a writer whose natural gifts were very near to genius; those who have will be impressed again by the wonderful freshness and spontaneity of Lardner's writing. Mr. Alan Ross's introduction effectively summarizes the facts of Lardner's life.

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# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### Memoirs of an Outsider

'A SOHO STORY' was an irresistible slice of life from the artistic underworld, straight from the horse's mouth (and from the stable of Denis Mitchell, who directed the recent 'Morning in the Streets'): the horse being Mac the busker, for many years a familiar figure in London's Bohemia. A bearded Irishman of middle-class parentage, a natural *raconteur*, he had gone to James Joyce's old school and been intended for the priesthood—"but I got the sack". One foggy afternoon before the war he arrived in London, *en route* for Paris and a painter's life. He got no further: running short of cash, he drifted down to Soho. Here convention meant nothing and art everything: and if you had not yet produced any art of your own, you could talk endlessly about other people's. So there he stayed, a Ulysses in night-town, earning money by shouting Shakespeare to theatre queues. When this proved too much for his literary sensibilities, he took to drink, met a girl called Maria, rescued her from loneliness and despair, married her, fought with her, lost her, tried to kill himself. This was a movingly told episode: Maria spoke too; she has now settled down to the bourgeois life Mac so despised.

This was documentary with a moral, which Mac himself provided: 'every outsider wants in his heart to be an insider'. We left him, somewhat ambiguously, painting hard, making up for lost time: a lonely, stranded, unqualified man of forty who had, in the opinion of a police officer, wasted his life. That policeman came in rather abruptly: appearing out of nowhere, he closed a file—"That's all we've got on Mac"—like a character in a film thriller where the central figure has to be tracked down in flashbacks. Mac had been eloquent on his own disenchantment: the introduction of a dossier seemed almost superfluous.

But while Mac was telling his story, the camera was used sparingly and effectively: the Hyde Park revolutionaries and saloon-bar philosophers sprang out of the screen. There was a striking moment near the end when, after we had seen Mac in close-up, the camera suddenly tracked right away, as if abandoning him to the world he had chosen, so that we saw him in the distance, with his back to us and to the conventional world, alone in an empty pub

with an empty glass: an unromantic ending to a notably honest and original piece of television.

From the drifting life of the outsider to the full-steam-ahead of success: the following evening Lord Mountbatten was 'Speaking Personally' to Richard Dimbleby and watching, on film, some of the highlights of his long and distin-



'A Soho Story' on April 22: Mac the busker and (right) one of his bohemian friends

John Curran



Admiral of the Fleet, the Earl Mountbatten of Burma, in 'Speaking Personally' on April 23

guished career. He recognized every ship, port, occasion—even remembering the name of one of the cameramen. The guessing-game element made this programme much more fun than these semi-official affairs usually are, even if one did find oneself waiting for Mr. Dimbleby to produce a slim volume labelled 'This Is Your Life' while a hidden orchestra burst into that splendid pseudo-Elgarian theme. But it was Heart of Oak all the way: no wonder the queues to join Lord Mountbatten's ships were always three times as long as any of the others. After the nostalgia—"there you are", "those were the days", "Good Lord, that brings back memories", etc.—we had some rousing recruiting propaganda for the Senior Service: 'If I were a youngster now, and they'd have me, I'd go straight back into the Navy'. If that doesn't fetch 'em, the Admiralty had better revert to the press gang.

Enthusiasm: that, perhaps, is the secret of success. It is certainly conspicuous in David Attenborough, whose enjoyable 'Zoo Quest' series came to an end on Friday, with all the birds and beasts safely embarked from Paraguay for the return to London. Mr. Attenborough obviously adores animals and is happy to play with them for

hours: one's only criticism might be that he slightly overdoes the romps. But the programmes were not only zoological: the music and people of Paraguay were no less fascinating; the scenes of life in the Gran Chaco had the real romantic W. H. Hudson touch.

Edward Murrow's 'Small World' series continues to fascinate and infuriate: such nice distinguished people—one's imagination boggles at the preliminaries that must have brought them together: but how rarely they get going how often they are at cross-purposes. It's a wonder that, linked only by sound (and by the knowledge that *we* can see them?), they manage to say anything at all. One good point is that Mr. Murrow always tries to include a woman: it keeps the men awake, and gives the proceedings a sophisticated social air—old friends chatting at a very *chic* party—which provides a pleasant change from the grim formalities of many television discussions, when you sometimes get the impression that the participants loathe each other. Last Saturday, Siobhán McKenna joined Noël Coward and James Thurber for a discussion on humour: whenever they stopped discussing it and started illustrating it, the champagne corks flew. Miss McKenna contributed a nice example of Irish Catholic peasant humour; Mr. Thurber paid British humour some high compliments but his best joke was from America's Ring Lardner: "Daddy, are we lost?" "Shut up", I explained—a good instance of humour which according to Mr. Thurber's definition laughs at itself while wit laughs at others. Mr. Coward plumped for Chinese humour, which he had encountered at its purest when he fell down some steps on a boat going to Shanghai. He then, with the best intentions, asked 'Can't we get controversial?', whereupon Miss McKenna launched into some Irish political propaganda which, however one may have sympathized rather spoilt the party spirit. But it was a connoisseurs' item all the same: there is to be more from the same speakers on May 2.

K. W. GRANSDEN

### DRAMA

#### Television 'Toppers'

OLIVER JOHNSTON has recently become a frequent and valued performer of eminent or crotchety seniors in television drama. His acting is always very much alive and his old men are not like Adam in *As You Like It*, 'frosty but kindly'; when kindly they are warm and when peevish or distraught his codgers are likeably, as



'Zoo Quest in Paraguay' on April 24: ring-tailed coati cubs



well as vividly, dumpish. He has some facial twists which are apt to become a routine, but his sideways, quizzical glances have their own expressiveness. He can be a great help to any author who, like Morris Brown, has made a man of seventy his central figure.

Mr. Brown's piece *The Woodcarver* could be called a Sunday-night suitable since religious as well as aesthetic debate filled out the craftsman's story. Old Bill has been serving the ecclesiastic market with traditional wooden figures of Christ and the saints, priced according to the quality of timber used. Suddenly he decides that he can endure the repetition of conventional work no longer: if he has failed to carve out a career of modest efficiency, he can now, and must now, carve out an idea of his own. He has still another commission for a figure of Christ and he resolves to abandon the familiar study of patient suffering and to present his vision of the forsaken Christ who cried out in agony. By so doing and by doing it with an inspired realism he strikes terror into the parson who has given him the order and into others as well.

The situation was credible as well as unusual and one is naturally grateful to any writer who can break the pattern of normal entertainment. In this case the play would have been helped, if it had to last ninety minutes, by the introduction of more characters or at least by building up the part of Bill's matter-of-fact wife, in which Fay Compton was sadly under-employed. Much time was given to a poet who fortunately enjoyed a private income and could woo Bill's daughter, a young widow, with the knowledge that he would not have to keep a family on what is so often the least remunerative form of writing. In carrying on his courtship he showed more wordiness than wisdom, and the same could be said of the clergyman who became involved in a theological argument about God's infliction of suffering on innocents; in that debate he floundered into futility, but George Howe is an actor who can do all that is possible to rescue a reverend juggins from his intellectual muddles by making him a plausible fool. Peter Halliday as the poet and Wendy Williams as the much-voiced widow who lost a son as well as a husband rendered useful assistance to Alan Bromly's able direction of a play that deserved attention and cried out for cutting.

A. R. Rawlinson's *This Desirable Residence* (April 23) had the advantage of Gwen Watford's appearance, mainly as a young and marriageable daughter of a heavy Victorian father and finally and briefly as a spinster of eighty who had luckily missed her man, an ambitious and heartless young careerist, and unluckily found no other. Miss Watford can bring an appealing intensity to a part of this kind: she never seems industriously to play for compassion, but she wins full sympathy with the natural ease of her performance in which the passing pleasures and more abiding pains of life are mirrored in delicate but vivid expression.

There was one improbability in this domestic story, namely the inability of the daughter, played by Miss Watford, to find another marriage: she seemed to be a young woman even more desirable than the

residence of the title.

The end of the piece was the best of it; the start had moved in a rather too humdrum way to hold the attention of viewers not greatly engaged by the 'period' theme with its customary characters of domineering papa and fussy mamma. William Devlin and Olga Lindo, well aware of television's demand for restrained performance, wisely did not press these roles for theatrical effect. Mr. Devlin, as a father who was doing very well in life and encouraged both family and staff to thank God from whom such blessings flowed, could have been a booming autocrat of the breakfast table, but he did not boom and his curt but gentle manner of getting his own way was a clever essay in self-assertion.

Alec McCowen's youngsters are becoming old friends. Certainly these diffident woos make easy and sympathetic company. I suppose that in a world where the ugly word sex has so far replaced the pleasant word love and where a brash assurance is more common than a sensitive shyness the McCowen type is far less common than it was sixty years ago, the period of H. G. Wells's *Love and Mr. Lewisham*. The last episode of this series that I saw was not strikingly eventful; but it had a quality of niceness. I know that 'nice' has become a term of contempt, but surely niceness is now suitable and salutary in a theatrical climate where the screaming of the squalid types is so much in vogue. Sheila Shand Gibbs has a negative type of bride to impersonate; she clings and soothes and is unashamedly sweet. It is nicely done.



*The Woodcarver* on April 26 with (left to right) Peter Halliday as Paul, Fay Compton as Kate, Oliver Johnston as Bill and Wendy Williams as Susan

On Saturday last we had George Formby twanging and pattering away with a smile that was never 'off the beam'. The tunes that used to be called 'catchy' are out of fashion, but he can use them to advantage. That young lover at the corner of the street is accompanied by a lilt that follows one round the house.

IVOR BROWN

#### Sound Broadcasting

#### DRAMA

#### Mr. Cooper's World

MR. GILES COOPER is gradually creating for us, in sound, the world of his imagination. In *Caretaker* we were once more taken to one of those late-nineteenth-century stately homes. The house, called Paladin, had the dark dungeon cellars that we have already met in *A Sound of Cymbals*. It might have been the house that sheltered the terrible preparatory school in *Unman Wittering and Zigo*. On this occasion the house's decay had gone further than the stage it had reached when a similar house was threatened with pylons on its paddock skyline and the inhabitants drank whisky and complained that they were penniless snobs. The house in *Caretaker* plays its part in a comic but none the less accurate commentary on Britain's present social condition. It lies empty, its lead roof stripped; its destiny uncertain until the fall of yet another colony, called Arabaq.

The quiet life of its caretaker, Lacy (played very finely by Mr. Maurice Denham), and of the village nearby is changed by the arrival of the Arabaquis who are, to their carpet-selling fingertips, British citizens. Lacy and his daughter Teresa (Miss Mary Steele) find themselves playing host to several busloads of Arabaq refugees. Mr. Cooper extracts some savage fun from this situation. His civil servants trying to pass the buck and his



A scene from *This Desirable Residence* on April 23 with (left to right) William Devlin as Mr. Penshott, Gwen Watford as his daughter Mary, Olga Lindo as Mrs. Penshott, Stuart Hutchison as Christopher Orr-Steyning, Mary Webster as Sophie Penshott, and Lilly Kann as Fraulein Schmalz



villagers discussing world affairs in the local pub suggested the kind of comedy that Miss Caryl Brahms knows how to handle.

But Mr. Cooper has his eye on the darker side of humanity as well and the play turns from a comic romp into a rather fine piece of macabre tension. The Arabaquis have honest men among them but it is the rogues who gain the upper hand. The chief rogue is Ryan (Mr. Patrick Magee), who masquerades as a doctor and who gradually forces Lacy into a position where he has no power over the household at all. The dungeon cellars become a fantastic prison for all those members of the community who buck the strong-arm men appointed by Ryan. Eventually it imprisons not only Arabaquis but Lacy's own daughter who has committed the crime of falling in love with André (Mr. David Spenser), who is one of the honest young men in the party.

This grotesque state of affairs comes to an end when the strong-arm men turn on Ryan and release the community from its imprisonment. The house then catches fire and Ryan and Lacy are buried in its cellars, leaving Teresa and André free to marry and the Arabaq-British gentlemen free to start upon the long road to integration.

Though I felt that a situation like this does not happen very often I was left with the uncomfortable thought that it could happen. There was in this play the same nightmarish extension of everyday life into credible fantasy that was to be found in *Unman Wittering and Zigo*. Mr. Cooper, fascinated by his Gothic or neo-Gothic environment, is always ready to suggest that the nightmare is only just round the corner. He is probably right. He was lucky to have Mr. H. B. Fortuin as the producer on this occasion.

Mr. Bill Naughton's *The Long Carry* (Thursday, Third) demonstrated the difficulty involved in striking twice in the same place when the inspiration is documentary rather than fictionally dramatic. This play, which featured the inhabitants of a Lancashire street during the coal strike of 1921, used once again the technique Mr. Naughton discovered in his brilliant *June Evening*. It was handled with remarkable skill by Mr. Douglas Cleverdon, but not even he could create that atmosphere of incisiveness which hovered above *June Evening*. The action in *The Long Carry* was slower of necessity and the excitement of feeling as if one was overhearing the inhabitants was less. The cast created authenticity and I would not fault Mr. Naughton's dialogue. The fault lay with the story, which forced Mr. Naughton to move his magnifying glass from the street and to take it, as it were, off-mike. To say that *The Long Carry* failed requires a definition of the context in which it failed. It failed beside *June Evening*. Counted beside most radio works it was a success.

Mr. Bernard Kops is at last showing the promise that his admirers have always claimed for him. *Everybody Likes Saturday Night*, brilliantly produced by Miss Eileen Capel, takes a young Londoner on a flying visit to a London that is about to be destroyed. The mawkish sentiment that marred *Return to Stepney Green* was kept under control here and Mr. Kops introduced the people of London in a manner that recalled Dekker's *Bellman's Walkes*. He caught the beauty in the movements of a great city limbering up for Saturday night and continued his unfashionable but very splendid and valuable argument that people are good and that most of them are worth saving. This piece was not self-conscious, which meant that the poetry of the thing broke through. Mr. Kops is well on the way at last.

IAN RODGER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Juan and So On

EIGHTEEN-TWENTY . . . was it the height of the Romantic era, the Regency heyday, or a pause for breath before the great bourgeois century launched on its real course? Byron, the exile, was busy coming to terms with himself and the world, writing the middle cantos of *Don Juan*. Throughout Europe, Rossini was still the rage. Stendhal, having fought his way through the romantic murk and given up his youthful megalomania, was forging his own incalculable ego and, at forty, making a small beginning as a novelist. Jane Austen, another anti-romantic, was dead. Old and deaf, Goya, having finished the *Caprichos*, and his diary of the horrors of war, was etching the *Disparates*, the final assault of a sleepless, reasoning, resilient mind on the enigmas of human reality and imagination.

All these, in fact, were the true heirs of the Age of Reason. Their maturity seems to mark an ironic interval between the two great waves of romanticism. Their course was set steady against most of the fashionable currents of their day. They had no use for a philosophy, or for mysticism. They left such things to Coleridge, Wordsworth (already past their prime), and the Germans. Their sense of style was controlled by a lucid, unsentimental approach to experience. Yet each, in isolation, was profoundly preoccupied with the irrational. Jane Austen's comedy is based on a carefully cultivated sense of the absurd. The irrational is one of the master-keys to Stendhal's novels. Goya saw monsters everywhere. And Byron? Both *Don Juan* and the letters of the same period reveal a continually questing mind, rejecting every nostrum—except drink—and playing ceaselessly on the mystery of human life, the grotesqueness, the inexplicability of it. And if his verse has the glitter, the insistent verve of Rossini, its impact, when the poet chooses, can have a Goyesque ruthlessness as well. Byron's handling of *ottava rima* ought to remind us that he was an expugilist, besides being an ex-dandy.

His masterpiece—unfinished, but only slightly *manqué*—is one of the half-dozen great long poems in English: and of them all it might seem the most obvious choice for radio performance. So it is rather surprising that it should have been introduced with so little *éclat*, last week having brought the third instalment, read by Marius Goring. If a poem of this length is to carry its full effect in sound, some editing is inevitable: after all, not a few pages are hazy with gin, while others are kept jogging along on hock and soda water. If Byron could make short work of conventional procedures—'Hail, Muse! etcetera'—he had a monstrous talent for inventing aberrations of his own.

So far, Terence Tiller's cutting has proved in effect eminently judicious and unobtrusive. And the same terms might be applied to Mr. Goring's reading. Basically his approach is right. I only wish he would build up more on that basis. Byron's style, cynical, casual, commands a greater variety of conversational inflexion than the tone of this reading tended to show. But the famous shipwreck episode, read 'cold' as it must be, came across with all its intense and controlled conviction. Byron's military set-pieces are a bore, or at the best not quite convincing; but the sailor in his blood gave a horrible vitality, an unwinking truth, to this episode of terror and cannibalism—worse, in its way, than anything in Dante, because neither visionary nor allegorical, but mere matter of fact.

The sea came in again, making its presence heard this time, in the first of a new Network Three series, 'The World of Nature'. Here we were on the shores of Whitsand Bay in Cornwall, with the turning tide booming inwards;

and half an hour proved much too short for all that a naturalist's eye, however quick, could make out of the life that goes on between the tides. What we did have, in that time, made a sharp enough picture of a furtive world, preying on itself, from the passive anemone to the dog-whelk delving into the mussels.

The newest author of the week proved to be Menander, one of whose complete plays, *The Misanthrope*, has been unearthed in a fourth-century manuscript and now published. Mr. Hugh Lloyd-Jones assessed and identified this as a youthful work, preserved, by a miracle of irony, in some bookseller's cheap, botched copy. The speaker's evident affection for the author seemed in no way to blind him to the faults of this early knockabout farce. But whatever the shortcomings of the young Menander may be, this play certainly sounded as if it would be an engaging, high-spirited affair.

DAVID PAUL

## MUSIC

### Russian Fantasy

A SPATE OF RUSSIAN music, for the most part works for piano with one outstanding performance of a modern symphony in addition, has laid bare forgotten beauty and generally invigorated appreciation of the new and the old in this particular sphere. We were disappointed in not hearing Peter Katin play Balakirev's *Islamey* and his piano sonata, both of which works Mr. Katin would almost certainly have dealt with in a masterly fashion, he being an adept in the performance of decorative romantic music. But he was sick of a poisoned finger and so we had to be contented (and in the event were very gratified) with gramophone records by Kentner and Katchen respectively. At least we were not robbed of the programme as announced.

No misfortune came to the next recital of Russian piano music, a well controlled and technically excellent performance of Mussorgsky's *Pictures from an Exhibition* by Gina Bachauer with the more rarely heard *Intermezzo* in B minor as prelude. Later still was a splendid performance by Abbey Simon of Prokofiev's Third Piano Sonata; such clear and vivacious playing as fired this listener's imagination in the same way and possibly to the same pitch of intense participation that the player himself had felt. Then there was the orchestral work, also by Prokofiev—his Fifth Symphony, to which Sir Malcolm Sargent brought much sensitivity, which, when communicated to the orchestra (B.B.C. Symphony), resulted in a notable interpretation of the work.

The series of recitals of Russian piano music in the Third Programme (it is still in progress) has drawn attention to an area of that country's music which is mostly unknown territory, except for some of the smaller pieces by Scriabin and the Chopinesque shorter pieces by Rachmaninov, or Balakirev's *Islamey* which is too dazzling an expanse of sheer technique to be wholly ignored by aspiring virtuosi, or perhaps also Mussorgsky's *Pictures* which contain more distressful music (for the player) than music lying easily under the fingers. But it is the works of lesser known men, such as Taneyev and Lyadov, that make this series especially revealing.

Liszt was the guiding technician among nineteenth-century Russian composers. The harsh manipulation of the finger joints that Beethoven inhumanly demanded and successfully exploited in his later piano works, thus changing the whole feeling of piano music, was not followed until the young Brahms came into being. It was no virtuoso technique and the Russians, who were dazzled by Liszt, would have none of it, though Mussorgsky treated the piano as cavalierly as Beethoven ever had done, if with infinitely less understanding of its in-





## Beside the ship canal . . .

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dividual potentialities. Nevertheless, in the *Pictures* there is the sense of a fresh approach to percussive technique which, had Mussorgsky possessed the burning fire that devoured Beethoven's being, might have instituted another forward drive in the battle between the virtuoso and the poet within the creative musician. It was not until Schönberg, ruthless in his intellectualism, had stripped piano music of all finger virtuosity, that a reaction set in and once again the virtuoso began to find himself provided with twentieth-century piano music (John Ireland's first in point of time in our land, the bright concertos of Bliss, Berkeley, Tippett,

Fricker, and more) on which to expend his powers.

The Russian composers represented in these valuable broadcasts occupy a position of considerable importance. Balakirev's *Islamey* is written in close imitation of Liszt's *haute école*. Here is the Lisztian high-stepping virtuosity in as brilliant array as the most polished writing of the master. Balakirev's sonata, on the other hand, is more than fine technical display; there is thought behind it and a subtle sense of construction. It was a revelation, in this performance, of powers unguessed by a hearer only acquainted with the bright Oriental Fantasy. It

could have served as a model, in all that has to do with creative thought in music, for the young Prokofiev in whose Third Sonata there was something of the same quality of mind though, of course, the outcome was music of a different character in expression.

Last week's concert of new music (April 23, Third) ended with Christopher Headington's piano sonata. It richly repaid careful listening and it was well served by an excellently clear and thoughtful performance by David Partridge. The composer, born in 1930, has achieved something individual and singularly effective in this sonata.

SCOTT GODDARD

## Sir Thomas Beecham at Eighty

By PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

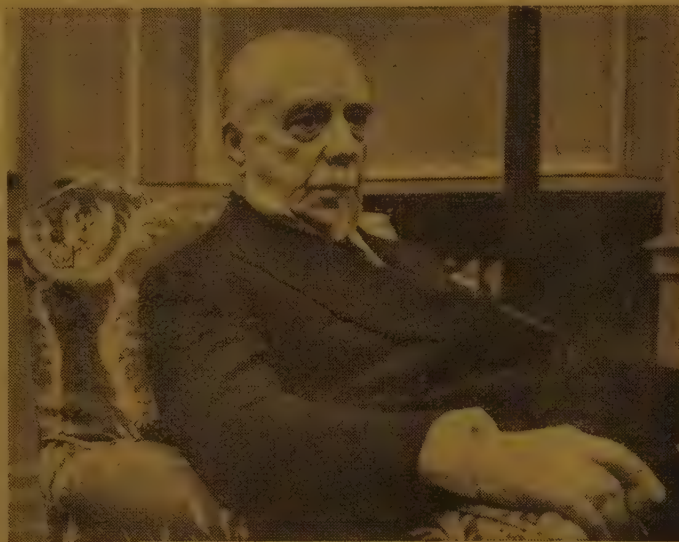
SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, the most genial (in the true sense) of all living executant musicians born in this land of ours, incomparable conductor and animator, receives this week the homage of the world on an eightieth birthday which finds him still at the height of his powers, a charming, rosy-tinted picture, shedding its effulgence on the complacent spectator. Who says a prophet is not without honour... etc.?

Yet the event is loaded with irony. For where is Sir Thomas? Is he directing the destinies of our national opera (a cause for which he has done more than any man alive)? Is he giving all the strength of his veteran command to leading orchestras which the grateful nation has put at his disposal? He is not. He is with us but fleetingly. He is 'mostly' abroad. The man who for music's sake has spent his fortune prodigally is in his harvest years exiled by the financial exigencies which are the reward of success. In short, the country so ready to pay lip service to a son of genius, so ready in theory to follow his lead in raising standards and to pay out the most exiguous donations to further the cause of music, still cheerfully expects to reduce that genius to ruin by taxation. Whatever he has done for us, only in the very ecstasy of cant and self-deception can we feel proud of what we have done for Sir Thomas.

There is another irony. In this Sir Thomas must bear some of the blame, for he has not exactly refrained from indulging himself in the role of caustic commentator, wag, and gadfly. The *persona* projected into the vulgar unmusical mind—recently, projected on a world-wide scale in the American 'Small World' television programme—is one which it may gravely mislead. He is looked to as an authority who will 'debunk'—that solace for idiot schoolchildren who do not want to take the trouble to love or enjoy. He will be turned to for mockery of prima donnas, Edinburgh Festivals, and long-haired enthusiasms. His *boutades* are legion and often invented (someone should write a tone poem about him called *Benvenuto Trovato*).

How utterly unreal an image widely exists in the unmusical herd about this archangel *cum* basilisk! I found myself talking in one of those

dreadful parties to a fair (and mincing) Unknown who observed, 'There is no comparing Sir XYZ and Sir Thomas: the former is an artiste' (I agreed), 'whereas', the idiot continued, 'the latter is no more than a play-boy'. Fortunately my glass was empty and I had nothing to pour over her head.



Sir Thomas Beecham: a recent photograph

Could anything be wider of the mark? It seems that even Toscanini described him, and not with oblique praise, as a dilettante. True, Sir Thomas Beecham has never been gammoned. He is not ready to accept evaluations on the strength of other men's or Germans' reverence. He has musically a self-sufficiency which proceeds from the immense strength which is given (as is his prodigal energy and application) alone by love, intense love of what he does. That is the key to his art, the truth which frees us from this popular press vision of an artful dog who gets away with it. '*Gefühl ist Alles*', said typically German Goethe. Rather, instinct is everything. It is love, the most overwhelming instinct, which takes this wonderful conductor, and us with him, to the very heart of the music time and again.

It is that instinct which explains the 'magic' of his conducting, which is to make you hear even hackneyed music, even the slightest music, as if it had just fallen new minted from the

composer's mind. To hear Sir Thomas conduct the Unfinished Symphony is to fall in love with Schubert all over again, as if you had never heard that bruised beauty: the ardour and tenderness with which he embraces it are among the most persuasive examples I know of the difference between true love and sentimentality.

As for the finale of the B-flat Symphony, the exhilaration is ineffable, the very mercury of Schubert's spirit.

There are painters of whom it is said justly '*il rince l'oeil*'. Is there a conductor of whom, when it comes to rinsing ears, you can name the equal? This is true of his treatment of the simplest music—the entr'acte in *Carmen*—and the heaviest, as those lucky to have heard his electrifying *Ein Heldenleben* a few months ago will testify. I never again expect to hear quite such a racing torrent as he unleashed in the last pages of *Die Götterdämmerung* (overwhelming the poor Brünnhilde, of course) nor a more ardent, life enhancing *Meistersinger*. Define him negatively as the least pedantic and ponderous of conductors and you are perhaps not much further.

But that the instinctive affinity and rightness is not a matter of precision, the microscope of gramophone recording

attests. Take so obvious an instance as the recent *La Bohème*; any fool can hear that while Puccini is always allowed to speak with the maximum eloquence, the actual ensemble, arithmetically, is often imperfect. Hall-mark of genius again; the miracles of *haute-cuisine* often arrive from a kitchen where the scales are faulty! Yet for the shaping of certain passages in *The Magic Flute*, some heart-leaps in Berlioz, this conductor has no peer. Just as certain actors, few and far between, can speak certain lines in such a way your memory's echo can never lose them, so—for many of us—there are things which only Beecham has done—and I do not mean teaching us about Diaghilev, Chaliapin, Delius, and *Così fan tutte*—which will linger in the memory when all the *bons mots* and compliments are forgotten, sounds plucked out of silence by this man and held in a gesture clear cut as an epigram. Would we might have eighty years more of him; we might then learn to deserve him.



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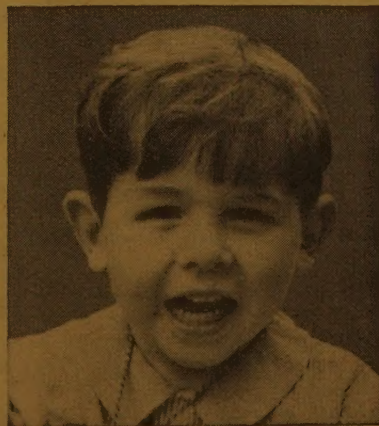
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# How To Use Different Kinds of Sugar

By IRENE VEAL



GRANULATED SUGAR is the nearest thing to an all-purpose sugar. It is especially good for making syrups to cook fruit in, and for the lunch type of cake. Demerara sugar is excellent, too, for making lunch cakes, as well as dark fruit cakes and Christmas puddings. Demerara sugar adds to the flavour of stewed prunes, but tends to darken other fruit.

Caster sugar is the best for making the more expensive sort of fruit cakes, Madeira cakes, sponge cakes, Genoese cakes, shortbread, and for rich, short pastry. It is the only possible sugar to use for making custards and ice cream. Icing sugar is used for icing cakes, and for dusting over the top of sponge cakes and mince pies and some biscuits. 'Pieces', that pale-brown sugar with the delectable flavour, may not be easy to get, but it is excellent for making college puddings and ginger cakes. I enjoy just keeping it from the packet, or sandwiching it between slices of brown bread and butter.

Without the use of good preserving sugar (or preserving crystals) jam will neither set well nor keep for any length of time. It is best to warm the sugar before putting it into the jam so that it does not reduce the temperature of the mixture too much. Some older recipes direct that the sugar should be slowly melted to a syrup in a very little water before adding to the gently stewing fruit. I find this method good for

strawberry jam, but if you are using a syrup you add no water to the strawberries—just stew them in their own juice before adding the sugar syrup, and then add the juice of half a lemon to each 1 lb. of fruit to set the jam.

A thing to note when you are using sugar is when to add it. Your recipe book should help here. The texture of cakes and custards, for instance, and the flavour of a fruit salad depend a good deal on when the sugar is added. For rich fruit cakes and Madeira cakes, butter and caster sugar are creamed together first, other ingredients being added according to the recipe. But for a light, short-textured cake, the butter is rubbed into the flour and the sugar is added afterwards. For making other cakes, such as Genoese, the sugar and the eggs are whisked in a basin standing in a pan of very hot water until the mixture is light and thick. In other cakes the sugar and egg yolks may be whisked together and the stiffly beaten egg-whites are added separately. For shortbread the sugar is usually added last of all.

When you make a custard you should whisk the sugar with the egg yolks only, then add the stiffly beaten egg whites, all in the dish in which the custard is to be cooked and served.

A compote of fruit, stewed fruit and fruit salad, fresh or cooked, taste much better and the fruits retain their colour if the sugar is melted to a syrup with fruit juice or water and then

poured gently over the fruit which you have already put in its serving dish.—'Woman's Hour'

## Notes on Contributors

LEONARD BEATON (page 743): Defence Correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian*

STANLEY MAYES (page 745): Senior Assistant, European Talks, B.B.C., since 1956; author of *An Organ for the Sultan*

R. W. K. HINTON (page 751): Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge University; author of *Eastland Trade and the Common Weal*

ERIC LINKLATER (page 753): commanded Orkney fortress, Royal Engineers, 1939-41; author of *The Ultimate Viking*, etc.

LEONARD WOOLF (page 756): Literary Editor, *Political Quarterly* (Joint Editor, 1931-58); author of *Principia Politica*, etc.

MORTON WHITE (page 757): Professor of Philosophy, Harvard University; author of *Toward Reunion in Philosophy*, etc.

JOHN WISDOM (page 758): Professor of Philosophy, Cambridge University, since 1952; author of *Other Minds*, etc.

J. B. BOOTHROYD (page 762): a member of the staff of *Punch*; author of *Are Sergeants Human?*, *Are Officers Necessary?*, *Lost, a Double-fronted Shop*, etc.

## Crossword No. 1,509.

## Wheels Within—XI.

## By Trochos

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, May 7. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Outer circle (clockwise): quotation from a poem (eleven words). Third circle (clockwise): title of the poem (two words). Clues are from works of verse, except 39. Answers (five letters each) are mixed; 4 and 14 are possessives.

### CLUES

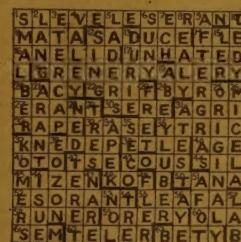
1. If seven — with seven mops
2. If I give thee of thy due, Mirth, — me of thy crew



3. — towards Haslingfield and Coton
4. The branches would require Thy utmost reach, or —
5. What — hand? and what — feet?
6. Yet this inconstancy is such, As thou too shalt —
7. Strange is the life of man, and fatal or — are moments
8. All children who are up in —, and floor you with 'em flat
9. A bulky — puncheon, All ready staved, like a great sun shone
10. To — this sorry scheme of things entire
11. Trampling out the vintage where the —s of wrath are stored
12. As — runs the market-crowd When 'Catch the thief!' resounds aloud
13. Be not coy, but use your time; And while ye may, go —
14. But a white rose of — gift, For service meetly worn
15. O solitude! where are the —s That sages have seen in thy face?
16. The while the conduits of my kine Run —, for wine
17. But yield, proud foe, thy fleet, With the —, at England's feet
18. Of my three — years and ten, Twenty will not come again
19. Fallen in the — of the free
20. Put him on a coat of mail, Which was of a fish's —
21. Painted red And tied with — to the back of his head
22. Or craz'd with care, or —'d in hopeless love
23. Room for Lord Marmion, With the — and helm of gold!
24. On the moors The hare is running — in her mirth
25. Now thy Forum — no longer
26. Music — with its voluptuous swell
27. If hopes were dupes, — may be liars
28. Now no stroke of woodman Is heard by —'s rill
29. The lark's on the wing; The —'s on the thorn
30. = 29
31. And shouting Folly — them from her shore
32. —, Genista, ships, with long jib-booms, The Wanderer with great beauty and strange dooms
33. No longer wagging, purring, But visibly demurring, Grunting and —ing
34. Of perilous seas, in faery — forlorn
35. Yond' Cassius has — and hungry look (two words)
36. He raised a mortal to the skies; She drew an — down
37. Thy — airs have brought me home To the glory that was Greece
38. Some refulgent sunset of — Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle
39. I am — the poet, I am — the poet

40. The — and the Teian muse, The hero's harp, the lover's lute
41. And put the shepherds, wanderer, on thy —
42. = 41
43. That bread should be so dear, And flesh and blood so —!
44. Awoke one night from a deep dream of —
45. That deep romantic — which slanted Down the green hill
46. Sooner let earth, air, sea, to — fall, Men, monkeys, lap-dogs
47. On the — of Coromandel Dance they to the tunes of Handel
48. One arose, and from his pack's — treasure A hoarded volume drew

## Solution of No. 1,507



### NOTES

- Across: 1. Sleeveless errand. 11. Matamata (\*Ta-ta, mama). 12. S-adduce-e(mitic). 14. Flee (\*feel). 16. Anne-lid. 17. Unhatted (\*nude, that). 18. Greenery—gallery. 20. B-acc(ess)-y (tobacco 'cut short'). 22. Griff (on). 24. By-room. 27. Errant (rant-er rev.). 30. Serre (\*Reser(ves)). 31. Aggri (eve). 32. Rappee (\*paper, e (e)). 33. (W)rasse. 36. Yttric (ci-rt-ty rev.). 37. K-nee-d-cep. 39. (S)ettle. 40. A-gee. 41. Otto (III. Rom. Emp.). 42. Tsetse (\*set, set). 43. Cous(in) cous(in). 44. Sill (\*ills). 45. Mi-zz-en. 48. Koff (cough). 50. Tanna (annat rev.). 52. Esso-ran-t. 55. Leaf-fall. 58. Runner. 59. Orrery. 60. Olla (v). 61. Semsem ('Open Sesame'). 62. Teller. 63. Betty.
- Down: 1. Small-beer (\*smell, bar). 2. La-lan(d)-g. 3. Ettercap (\*pet, trace). 4. Valley (yell, av. rev.). 5. Lad-der-s. 6. Sun-(rainy). 7. (Sp) eech. 8. Really (\*early, L.). 9. After-grass. 10. Dec-d(a)y. 12. Sing Sing (jail birds). 13. D-Ur-rie. 15. Leer (reel rev.). 19. Abbey-lubber (\*a bubbly beer). 21. Ar-ran-t. 23. Fre-E-t. 25. Or-I-gin-ally. 26. Mi-cell-a. 28. Ne-E-d. 29. (S)ress. 31. (B)at-test. 34. Apeck (hidden in rev.). 35. Sec-co. 37. Kommers (commerce). 38. Eo-zoo-n. 42. Te-r(egula)r-et(h). 46. (T)issue. 47. Narre (\*R.N., era). 49. Flee (2 mngs). 51. Afoot (hidden in rev.). 53. No-(ba)ll. 54. (S)tree(t). 56. Aye-aye. 57. La.-blab (bal, bal, rev.).

\*=anagram

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